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LETTER XVIII.*

Paris, 29 September, 1807.

Publick buildings—Cathedral of Notre-Dame—Erected first in the year 365, on the ruins of a heathen temple—Its situation unfavourable for viewing it from a distance—The front covered with symbolical figures—A fine prospect of Paris from one of the towers of Notre-Dame ; not interrupted by smoke, like that of London, from St. Paul's—Burial of a senator—A reflection—The grave, the grand equalizer of men—Cathedral bells transmuted into specie, and cannon—Statue of Philip de Valois—Triumphs of French atheism—Gobet, bishop of Paris, renounces his religion :—and is soon after beheaded—His conduct applauded, and imitated, by all the ecclesiastics, who belonged to the National Convention,—except Gregoire—The cathedral converted into the "Temple of Reason." Festivals of this new goodness described—National fêtes are celebrated at Notre-Dame, which is now fitted up in a superb style—Bonaparte

* Letter XVII. on acrostation, was published in the first number of the preceding volume.

crowned here in December 1804, by the pope—*Tableau* of the coronation, by David, the associate of Robespierre—Trophies of war preserved in the cathedral—The number of churches in Paris, before the revolution—The present number in the city—and in London—The arch-bishop of Paris, in his ninety-eighth year, and still able to discharge his ministerial duties—Church of St. Sulpice—Its beautiful portal—Its astronomical meridian—Paintings—Traces of the reign of atheism—The Mint, a magnificent structure—Requisite for admittance—French carnage—The different coins—they all bear the imperial “image and superscription”—French money reckoned, like the American, by the decimal method—Coins of the old *regime* still in circulation—A large quantity of plate lately arrived at the mint from the north of Europe—Images of the Virgin roughly handled.

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No city is more noted for the number, and magnificence, of its public buildings, than Paris. Wishing to examine only the most ancient and remarkable of them, I desired M. de S. to point out, on my “*Plan de Paris*,” those, which he thought would best gratify my curiosity. He marked a number; and Madame de S. and another lady, who happened to be present, immediately offered to be my conductresses. To have declined the service of these fair ‘City Guides’ would have been deemed one of the most uncivil things in the world.—It was nine in the morning.—I ordered a carriage, and we rode first to the

CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE-DAME.

This vast Gothic edifice is situated on the largest of the three islands in the Seine, and is near the centre of the metropolis. It stands on the ruins of a heathen temple, which was erected in the reign of the Roman emperor Tiberius, and dedicated to Jupiter, Vulcan, Castor, and Pollux.—The cathedral was first built about the year 365, being the

most ancient, and for nearly two hundred years, the only, house for christian worship in Paris. I do not perceive that it differs materially, except in size, from the old churches in England. There is, indeed, a very evident similarity in all the edifices of Gothic origin, which have fallen within the range of my observation. This is the largest, and the most magnificent that I have yet seen. It is in the form of a cross. The fine proportion of its parts; and the lightness of its structure will never cease to be admired.

In a period of more than fourteen hundred years, this cathedral, as well as France, and the world, has undergone many revolutions. It has been several times, wholly, or in part, destroyed, and re-built, and, each time, has gained new accessions, both in magnitude and ornament. We are told, that, in the sixth century, it was equal in magnificence to the "temple of Solomon." The present structure was completed, as it now appears, in 1185.

Situated in a low part of the town, and closely surrounded by uncommonly high dwelling houses, it cannot be advantageously viewed from any considerable distance.—Were it placed on an eminence, where the grandeur of the design, and the venerable majesty it derives from age, could produce their full effect, on the remote beholder, it would undoubtedly be ranked among the greatest curiosities in Europe. Half buried, as it is, by the surrounding buildings, you cannot approach it without feeling emotions of admiration and awe.

The body of the church is four hundred and fifteen English feet, in length; one hundred and fifty three in breadth; one hundred and eight in height; and is supported by a hundred and twenty eight clustered pillars. The principal front has three doors, around which, are groups of angels and saints, and a host of symbolical representations.

many of which it would, I believe, be difficult, in this age for the most skilful virtuoso to decipher. There formerly stood, over these doors, a row of colossal statues in stone, extending the whole length of the church, and representing twenty-six of the French kings, who had been the friends and benefactors of this religious establishment.— These statues were all battered down by the blows of the revolutionists.

At the extremities of the church are two enormous rectangular towers, which rise to the height of two hundred and sixteen feet, and are terminated by platforms, covered with gravel. We ascended to the top of one of them, by a winding irregular staircase, of three hundred and eighty-nine steps; and there enjoyed one of the most perfect and charming prospects of the city, and its environs, that can be imagined. You have a more complete view of the capital from this tower, (because the objects to be seen are less remote,) than you have from the summit of Mont-martre. Here, your prospect is broken, by no such immense clouds of smoke as those, which perpetually hang over London, and interrupt your view of that "little world," from the dome of St. Paul's. The reason is this: the fires of Paris are made principally of wood; whereas those of London are supplied altogether with pitcoal.

A few months ago, a young man, who had been subject to occasional seasons of delirium, precipitated himself from the top of this tower, and found instantaneous death on the pavements below.

From this elevation, all the objects, in the busy world beneath us, were apparently reduced to little more than half their real magnitude. The people who moved along the streets, seemed a race of large-sized pigmies. While my eyes were wandering over the "varied scene," a band

of soldiers came in sight. They were returning from the Pantheon, where they had been to conduct a deceased senator to his "long home." The circumstance awakened in me a momentary reflection on the vanity of human life, and the greater vanity of its evanescent honours and distinctions. The grave, said I to myself, is the grand equalizer of mortals. But few years will take their flight, before the wretched mendicant, whom I now see stretching out his hand, and pleading with a hard hearted passenger, for a sou; and he, who sits in yonder palace, wielding the destinies of nations, will be, alike, "food for worms!"

"Pallida mors, æquo pulsat pede, pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres."

It is a law of the empire, that all the senators, at their decease, shall be interred in the Pantheon, with civil and military honours.

The bells of the cathedral; one of which weighed forty-four thousand pounds; as well as those of all the other churches, were converted into coins and ordnance, at an early period of the revolution. Some of the coins are still in circulation. They are distinguishable from others, by being whiter, and more brittle.

The interior of Notre-Dame was formerly decorated with a vast number of rich paintings and statues, executed by the first of the French and Italian artists: Among them was an equestrian statue of Philip de Valois, who on returning to Paris after the battle of Cassel, rode into the cathedral, in full armour, and having given thanks to God for his victory, which he owed, as he confidently believed, wholly to the intercession of the Holy Mother, he left his horse and arms in the church, as a free will oblation to the Virgin.—What became of the consecrated steed; whether he was created bishop, or only *chanoine ordinaire*; we are not in-

formed. Most of these embellishments were dispersed through the country, or beaten to pieces, by the barbarians of the revolution. Some of the few, which escaped their axe, are now to be seen in the Museum of French Monuments ; and in the central Museum of the Arts.

You perhaps recollect the early triumphs of French atheism. In 1793, Gobet, one of the constitutional bishops appeared at the bar, of the National Convention, attended by many of his ecclesiastical brethren, and there exclaimed "I come, with my clergy, to abjure the errors of the priesthood ;" which at that period, signified "*to renounce my religion, and disavow my God.*" His conduct was applauded. The saloon of the Convention resounded with acclamations. All the ecclesiastics, who belonged to that body, except the Abbé Gregoire, instantly followed the example of the apostate ; and publicly resigned their clerical functions. The event was hailed as the most auspicious. It was regarded as a prelude to a total and speedy downfall of the Immanuel's kingdom. Religious institutions were abolished. The churches were ordered to be shut up ; and the convention passed an act, declaring, that the only deities of the French nation should be "*Reason, Liberty and Equality.*" I must not forget to tell you, that the impious Gobet did not long survive his abjuration of the christian name. He was shortly after sentenced to die by the knife of the guillotine.

The next year, this abominable convention decreed, that the cathedral of Notre-Dame should thence forward bear the name of the "Temple of Reason." And here many of its members ; the sage legislators of France ! mingled with the Sans-culotte rabble to chant the hymn '*a la Raison,*' and to perform other *rites*, too impious, and too brutish to be mentioned.

Reason was usually personified by a girl, chosen from among the actresses in the theatres, or selected from the infamous females of the town. On the festivals of this goddess, she was drawn through the streets in a car, fantastically decorated, and followed by her priests and priestesses. At the church, "the tabernacle of the master-altar served as a footstep for her throne." "Around the choir," says Mercier, "were tables loaded with bottles, sausages, hams and other eatables. On the altars of the side chapels, sacrifices were offered up at the same time to sensuality and gluttony; and the hideous traces of intemperance were seen on the consecrated marble."

Since the re-establishment of the catholic hierarchy in France, the cathedral has undergone a tolerably thorough scouring; and is now fitted up, in a most superb style. The candlesticks are the largest I have any where seen; and appear to be of beaten gold. It is here, that the national, and imperial festivals are celebrated. The spectators, on these occasions, are seated in the long galleries over the side-arches.

In this church, Napoleon the First was consecrated, and crowned, on the second of December 1804, by his degraded holiness the pope, who had been compelled to cross the Alps to perform the ceremony. One of the keepers of the cathedral conducted us into a small apartment, in the gallery, to show us the coronation chair. It is a large armed chair, of no very extraordinary construction, or decoration.

The pencil of the celebrated David has long been employed on the subject of the coronation. The picture, it is said, will be superior to any other of the productions of this distinguished artist. It is now in a state of great forwardness, and will be completed in a few weeks. I was lately invited to go and view it, as it stands in the chamber of the

painter ; and nothing but a deep rooted abhorrence of the character of its author—as being the sanguinary associate of Robespierre, the murderer of rival artists, and the unfeeling, and unjust, condemner of his king, prevented my accepting the invitation. I have since repented that I did not. My detestation of the man as an insatiable politician, I am now convinced, ought not to deter me from examining, and admiring, his works, as a painter. Should another opportunity occur, I may still gaze awhile at the *tableau* of the coronation.

I was not a little disgusted at the sight of a number of old tattered standards and colours, which are hung up in the interior of the cathedral. They were taken from the armies of different countries and are suspended from the balconies of the gallery. I know not who can be gratified to see the trophies of war ; especially of unnecessary and offensive war, exhibited in a temple dedicated to the service of the “ Prince of Peace ! ”—The archbishop of Paris, who officiates here, was born in 1709. Though entered on his *ninety eighth* year, he is so unbroken by the pressure of age, that he is still able to discharge, in person, the functions of his high office.

In 1789, the French capital contained four hundred churches ; most of which have been demolished by the advocates of impiety and vandalism, and the ground, on which they stood, converted into public squares, or destined to be the sites of theatres, ware-houses and private dwellings.* I have endeavored, but in vain, to ascertain the exact number, which have been repaired, and are now open to the friends of religion. On this subject, all the

* The present number of houses for religious worship in London, including those of all denominations, amounts to four hundred and twenty-eight.—See Colquhoun's Police of London.

persons, with whom I have conversed, readily acknowledged their ignorance, and, at the same time, manifested an unaccountable indifference. Some, however, conjecture that there are forty, or fifty: others elevate the number to seventy five, or a hundred. I have seen but eight or ten. I pass through one of them almost every day. It is the church of

SAINT SULPICE.

Its portal is esteemed one of the most finished, and perfect, pieces of architecture in the metropolis. It is composed of the Doric, and Ionic orders, one above the other, and comprises sixty eight columns, of colossal size, and of the most exquisite workmanship. The choir of the church is ninety feet long, forty three wide, and one hundred and two in height. The altar is a *chef-d'œuvre* in sculpture. It is of a deep blue marble wrought into the form of a tomb. The propitiatory is supported by two angels. The tabernacle is indescribably splendid, and represents the "arc of the covenant."

The scientifick stranger, on entering the magnificent church of St. Sulpice, has his attention immediately arrested by an astronomical meridian, traced on the marble pavement. A beam of light, let in through an aperture, in a brass plate, situated at a little distance from the great south window, forms, on the pavement, a luminous image, ten or eleven inches in length. This image travels from west to east, and, at the moment of midday, is bisected by the meridian line. After crossing the floor, it ascends a large and very beautiful, obelisk, of white marble, near the summit of which it terminates its diurnal journey. The obelisk is surmounted by a gilt globe, and its pedestal is covered with inscriptions.

The paintings, at St. Sulpice, are all on subjects selected

from the history of our Saviour. They are not numerous ; nor are they, one or two only excepted, of such a character as to afford any thing more than a very moderate gratification to the connoisseur in this art.

Traces of the devastating genius of the revolution are still to be seen in, and around, all the Parisian churches.— Broken statues, battered walls, and disfigured columns, every where stare you in the face, and exclaim, in language more forcible than words, “ Behold the mementos of the reign of atheism !”

From the cathedral we directed our course to the Mint, which, in French, is called the

HOTEL DES MONNIES.

This magnificent structure is situated on the south side of the Seine, but a few feet distant from the *Pont Neuf*. The front of the building is three hundred and eighty four feet in length, and eighty three in height. The projection is ornamented with six massy pillars, wrought in the Ionic manner. Above these is erected a well proportioned attick ; in front of which, and directly over the pillars, are six figures, as large as life, representing *Peace* ; *Commerce* ; *Prudence* ; *Law* ; *Force* ; or *Strength*, and *Abundance*. The emblems of *Law*, and *FORCE* are very significant :—all the rest are liars. The interior of the edifice is separated into apartments of various sizes. A member of the national institute had furnished me with an introduction to the director of the Mint, without which no stranger can be admitted. He received us with perfect readiness ; and without any of that freezing reserve—that distancing *hauteur*, which you too often discover, in gentlemen of the same grade in England. He led us through the different parts of the building, pointed out the successive steps in the process of French coinage, and showed us the “*modus*

operandi" of several of the most curious machines employed in the establishment. The instrument which cuts out the *Five Franc* pieces, is one of the most complete and extraordinary pieces of mechanism ever invented. It is moved with the utmost facility, and the work it performs is immense.

The stamping, weighing, and, indeed, all the distinct branches of the fabrication, are carried on, in separate rooms. The entrance of that, destined to the business of pressing and casting the metal, is ornamented with four columns of the Doric order. This saloon is sixty six feet long, and forty one wide, and contains nine money-presses. The apartment above, which is of the same extent, is devoted to the weighing and adjusting the blank pieces, and preparing them for the stamping machines.

The French coins, though remarkably handsome, do not, I think, exceed, in beauty, those of the United States. The gold and silver pieces, conformably to an act passed in 1803, must be nine-tenths fine, and one-tenth alloy. In the copper pieces no alloy is allowed. Indeed this metal exists in such abundance, and possesses, in itself, such durability, that no material advantage could accrue from alloying it. The French money, is, like ours, reconded according to the decimal system. The *Franc* stands as unity, and is the basis of all computations; being the point from which all values are reconded. It weighs five *grammes*, or fifteen grains, and four hundred and forty four thousandths of a grain Troy.

I believe that the only gold coins manufactured at present, are the *Twenty*, and the *Forty Franc* pieces. The silver pieces are more numerous. Most of those, however, which we saw, in the Mint, were *Three* and *Five Franc* pieces. On one side of each of them, is the head of Bonaparte with this inscription "*Napoleon Empereur.*" On the other

side, are two olive branches, which, being bent into a circular form, inclose the name of the coin, with its value.— Around the circle, is the legend—*Republique Francaise*;— with the date of the piece. So, you see that Bonaparte and the Republic, as was once said of Cromwell, are on *opposite sides*. On the edge of the *Five Franc's*, are, very deeply stamped, these words—*Dieu protege la France*. This would lead one to conjecture, that the government are not of the same creed, with that bold politician, who once bawled out, in the Legislative Assembly,—“ I know no other God but the Law.”

The emperor appears on all the coins, from the gold Napoleon, or *Forty Franc* piece, down to the smallest silver piece, and is shortly to figure on all the copper coins.

The money fabricated under the “ old order of things,” is still in circulation. It must be remarked, however, that those revolutionary pieces, which carry, on their front, the bloated, ill-shaped “ goddess of liberty,” are fast disappearing. The reputation of this divinity is certainly at a very low ebb. at this time, and is not likely soon to rise.

I was surprised to find so small a number of workmen employed in this establishment; from which is issued a large proportion of the specie of the empire, and, perhaps, some that circulates in *foreign countries*.* The whole number, I imagine, falls considerably short of one hundred.

In one of the ground apartments, we saw two capacious ovens, or melting furnaces, into which a couple of men were shovelling old silver plate; two or three tons of which lay piled up, in an adjoining room. Two waggon loads recent-

* Copper coins have been struck at Limoge, and gold and silver pieces, at Turin, Bordeaux, Nantes, and other places;— but to what amount I have not been able to learn.

ly arrived at the Mint, and are said to have come from the north of Europe. It consists, principally, of cups, images, platters, and candlesticks; and was, probably, taken from the catholick churches, and convents, in those countries, where French influence, or French arms, have imposed heavy exactions.

Among other articles, we observed two, or three very plump statutes of the Virgin Mary, about two feet in length. These little personages had evidently fallen into unlucky hands; for the workmen, apparently, without any qualms of conscience, gave them a most unmerciful mauling, to make them occupy as little space as possible, and then projected them headlong into the furnace. Happy, thought I—as I saw them melting away under the dissolving influence of the flames—happy, would it be for the world, could that fabrick of superstition in which they were born and nurtured, be demolished with equal facility.

Who could write the history of an ounce of gold, or silver? It would be as voluminous, and quite as useful, as the works of Voltaire.—How many metamorphoses does the little glittering mass undergo in the course of two thousand years! These statues, the metal of which once decorated the table of the epicure, the sword of the warrior, or the dress of the fair, have received, for ages, the homage of deluded man, and are now to commence a new series of changes, and perhaps be worshipped under a new form.

A visit from an unexpected friend, Mr. W. of Boston, will oblige me to leave you, for the present, at the *Hotel des Monnies*. I shall be with you again to-morrow, or, at furthest, the day following.

Adieu.

LETTER XIX.

Paris, 2d October, 1807.

Musée des Mines;—a rich cabinet of minerals—The American marble compared with the English, French and Italian—*M. le Sage*;—His early attention to mineralogy—His assiduity—His influence with the government—His external appearance—His blindness—Less noted, as a mineralogist, than the Abbé Haüy—Sometimes ill treated by his brethren of the Institute; instanced in the conduct of Laplace—A bust of him, presented by his pupils—*Hotel des invalids*, or military Hospital—Founded by Louis XIV—Its situation—A view of the country—Elegant promenades—*Champ de Mars*—National circus—French patriotism—Grand federation—Instability of the French—Decapitation of Baily, the astronomer—Republican fêtes—Robespierre's "Festival to the Supreme Being"—Oath of *Hatred to Monarchy*; first proposed by Cambacérès, the present *arch chancellor* of the empire—Oath of fidelity to Bonaparte—Magnificence and extent of the military Hospital—Temple of Mars—The Dome—Trophies of war—Monumental pillar—Mausoleum of Turenne—His body dragged from the tomb at St. Denis, was exhibited to the publick for several years, as an object of curiosity—Its second inhumation—The young soldier's soliloquy—Cannon and small arms were taken from the *Hotel* to be iége the Bastille—The cells of that strong hold of despotism contained but few prisoners at the time of the siege.—Branches of the military Hospital, at Lovain and Avignon—The ancient, and present, number of Invalids supported on this establishment—Officers of the institution—Library—Kitchens and refectories—A dinner *à la mode Française*—The inhabitants of Paris, and London, dine at 5 o'clock—The Parisians anciently dined at midday—Light breakfasts, and *heavy* dinners—The French are voracious eaters, but moderate drinkers—A bill of

fare, comprising *three hundred and eleven articles*—Strong coffee—*Liquors*—French leave.

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WHILE at the Mint, we availed ourselves of the opportunity to examine a superb cabinet of mineralogy;—which is connected with the manufacture of money—situated under the same roof—belongs to the government; and is called the

MUSEE DES MINES.

To view this museum, we ascended an elegant stair-case, and entered an apartment, forty nine feet in length, forty in width, and forty two in height. Around the centre of this spacious saloon, an elliptical amphitheatre is formed and furnished with seats, sufficient for the accommodation of four hundred individuals. Here a course of mineralogical lectures is given, annually; and gratuitous admittance granted to all, who are disposed to hear them.

I have seen no collection whose arrangement combines so much elegance and perspicuity. The most valuable specimens are deposited, in analytical order, on shelves, which are built around the circumference of the amphitheatre, and rise to the height of four, or five, feet from the floor.—They are protected from dust, and from the touch of too curious visitors, by glass covers. In the corners of the chamber; in the galleries; and in the adjacent rooms, are a vast number of cases of minerals, and also the models of a great variety of machines, used in mining.

It is hardly possible to conceive of a better school than this, for the student in mineralogy. Here the productions of different countries present themselves to his eyes, classified, and arranged, in the most lucid and attracting manner. He can here see the mineral, as it exists in nature; com-

pare its characters with the descriptions authors have given of it; and become acquainted with the instruments, with which it is extracted from the earth.

I did not pass, without examining, a number of variegated vases and tables, which are constructed of marble, brought from the different departments of the French empire. The Italian marble, both on account of the delicacy of its texture, and the facility with which it is wrought, possesses an acknowledged superiority over that of every other country.

But we have marble in various sections of the United States; and, especially, in that which lies between the Green Mountains and Lake Champlain, which does not suffer by a critical comparison with the best, that is found in England, Scotland, or France.

I brought with me from America, as you recollect, a small slab of the white marble of Vermont; a part of which I gave to Dr. Jenner of London, who thought, that, in all essential points, it fell but little short of the first rate Italian marble. The workman, who divided it, was of the same opinion. It yields easily to the chissel, and might, by the labour of skilful artists, be formed into statues, and vases, as handsome, at least, as most of those, which ornament the palaces, and publick squares, of France.*

The noble assemblage of minerals, at the *Hotel des Mon- nies*, owes its existence almost entirely to the talents and perseverance of

* A species of white *elastic* marble was discovered, some years ago, in the town of Pittsford, in Vermont, where it appears to constitute a large part of the mass of a considerable mountain. I have a specimen of it, the elasticity of which is very remarkable.

M. LE SAGE.

More than half a century has elapsed since this philosopher began to direct his attention to the study of mineralogy, and to collect articles for a private cabinet. During eighteen years he was incessantly engaged, in procuring mineral substances from all parts of the earth, and, particularly, from the different provinces of his own country. His enterprize, and success, in the undertaking, are unexampled in the history of the sciences. He was not satisfied with accumulating mineral bodies, and classifying them merely according to their external characters; which, by the bye, is unquestionably the best mode of classifying them, but applied himself laboriously to the investigation of their chemical properties and ingredients.

In 1778, a royal order was issued, from the palace of Versailles, for the establishment of a professorial chair, of mineralogy and docimastic metallurgy, at the *Hotel des Monnies*, where lectures on these sciences, were to be delivered at the expence of the state. This honourable and arduous station was immediately assigned to M. le Sage, who was then a member of the Academy of Sciences.* His collection of minerals was now removed to the Mint, and became the property of the government. Before that period, no publick cabinet existed in Paris, which could be of the least service to those, who were desirous of devoting themselves to the study of this interesting branch of natural history. More than twenty years has M. le Sage been a popular lecturer, on mineralogy, and chemistry, at the amphitheatre of the mint: and even his enemies acknowledge, that his instructions, and example, have contributed, in no small degree, to raise the reputation of these sciences

* Statistique de la France t. 11. p. 7.

in France, and to render the study of them fashionable among the higher classes in the community.

It was in consequence of the influence, and importunity, of this gentleman, that the French government was first induced to encourage, in an efficacious way, the examination of the mineral productions of the kingdom. It was through his influence, that the first, "Special School of Mines" was established, in which pupils were supported by the state. Experience soon showed the importance of such institutions. For, in a few years, it was discovered, that France contained in her own territory, a sufficient abundance of nearly all those mineral and metallick substances, which she formerly obtained from foreign countries; and for which she paid an annual tax of thirty seven millions of livres.

We had not the satisfaction of finding the venerable le Sage in the museum of minerals; where he passes most of his time. He left the saloon a few moments before we entered it. I have frequently seen him in the streets, and at the meetings of the National Institute. He is a man of about the ordinary stature; of elegant form, of rather portly mien, and of remarkably ruddy countenance, for a person, who had run nearly, or quite, through the period of "three score years and ten." By age, hard study, or some unfortunate accident, his eyes, like those of the immortal Milton,

"Bereft of sight, their seeing have forgot."

He appears to be totally blind. A black bandage covers the upper part of his face; and when he ventures abroad, his steps are directed by one of his pupils, or friends.

I would not have you suppose, that M. le Sage belongs to the very first order of French *savans*. He is certainly

an eminent mineralogist ; but even in this science, which is his favourite, he undoubtedly falls below the Abbé Haüy, and perhaps two or three others.

In chemistry he has unhappily embraced many speculative opinions, which are at present peculiar to himself, and which are at open war with the popular system of Lavoisier, and his followers. He is, like most men, who have entered the "vale of years," very opinionative. In endeavoring to defend his peculiarities, which are frequently attacked, he is sometimes led into spirited controversies with his brethren of the Institute, who do not always treat him with that candour, and mildness, which his age, and past exertions, for the publick weal, deserve. The grey hairs of such a man as *le Sage*, assuredly, ought to be a sufficient safeguard against the shafts of slander and the rudeness of insult.

I was once present, when he was assailed with a degree of severity, which even truth could not authorize, and which would have been less unbecoming in a man of less talents, and pretensions, than the great Laplace. *The Musée des Mines* is open for the admission of strangers and the publick, every day ; Sundays and fête days excepted ; from ten o'clock in the morning, till two in the afternoon. On one of the broad steps of the stair case, by which you ascend into the mineralogical apartments, stands a bust of M. le Sage. It is a good likeness ; and was purchased, and placed there, by his pupils, as a monument of their gratitude to an able and faithful instructor.

From the Mint we proceeded across the town to the Military Hospital, which is here known by the name of the

HOTEL DES INVALIDS.

This institution, which is an honour to France, and to

humanity, was founded by Louis XIV, in 1671. By giving rise to so noble an establishment the *Grand Monarque* acquired a far higher and more consolatory glory than that of arms. He, in fact, raised a monument to his memory, in the grateful bosoms of all the war-worn veterans, who, from generation to generation, here enjoy the fruits of his munificence. It was intended to be a magnificent asylum for those warriors, who had spent twenty years in the military service ; or who had been made useless to their country, by the wounds they had received in fighting her battles.

The edifice was eight years in building. Its situation corresponds admirably with the design of the institution.— It stands just out of the city, on the west side, where the disabled inmates live, unannoyed by the tumult and dissipations of the town ; breathing an uncontaminated air, and enjoying a fine prospect of the country. On the north of the hospital, a broad area opens to your view, extending to the south margin of the Seine. This space, planted with trees, and laid out in gravelled alleys, forms a most elegant and comfortable promenade for the aged warriors. Looking to the south, your eye ranges over a large extent of territory ; the nearest part of which belongs to the institution and is ornamented, with rows of trees, and walks running from the Hotel, diverging like radii from the centre of a circle ; the more remote part of the perspective is variegated with fields, vineyards, gardens, and fruit-yards ; with scattered farm-houses ; and here and there a park and country mansion.

On the west, you discover, at a little distance from the hospital, a spot of ground, which has been the theatre of so many, so various, and so momentous transactions, during

the revolution, and since, that it merits particular notice.— I refer to the

CHAMP DE MARS :

To describe which I must *now* be indulged with the poet's liberty, which, I often assume, of digressing, for a moment, from the main subject ;—lest I should forget to speak of it in a more proper place. And to omit the *Camp of Mars* in a description of Modern Paris, would be, says a late traveller, “ like omitting one of the principal features in the drawing of a portrait.”

This memorable area is an oblong square, two thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight feet in length ; and nine hundred and fifty-four in width ; encompassed by ditches faced with masonry ; and adorned on the two longest sides by three double rows of trees. It was originally designed for the exercises of the students of the “ Military School,” which is situated on the south side of it, and for the reviews of the royal guards.

In 1790, the largest circus, ever produced by the labours of man, was created in this enclosure, for the ceremony of the first national federation. The work was commenced by twenty five thousand hired men ; its progress was too slow for the wishes of the friends of liberty. To hasten it, no exertions were omitted. An enthusiasm, which has no parallel in the civil history of modern times, suddenly brought together two hundred and fifty thousand persons, of all ranks, ages, sexes, and occupations, to engage in the patriotic labours of the *Champ de Mars*.

“ It is impossible,” says one who was present, “ to give a description of these labours, which would not fall short of the reality. The multitude of people, the briskness of their motions, the diversity of dress, every thing concurred

to the picturesque variety of this fête." Here were the mayors of cities, bishops, abbés, knights, dukes, generals, hundreds of delicate females, merchants, mechanics, day-labourers, coal-heavers, and water-carriers, all promiscuously and busily employed, in digging up the soil, with pick-axes and spades, and conveying it off in carts and wheel-barrows.—This was a halcyon time. It was that dawn of Gallic liberty, upon which our countrymen so warmly felicitated the French people; a dawn, at first bright and exhilarating, but speedily overcast with clouds, and succeeded by an awfully disastrous day.—So indefatigable were the exertions of this vast assembly of new-born freemen;—through the whole of which a mutual confidence, and the most perfect concord prevailed;—that in the short term of a single week, an amphitheatre was completed, and furnished with seats, capable of containing five hundred thousand individuals. Here, in the midst of this number of his subjects, the unfortunate Louis made his appearance, on the fourteenth of July 1790, and took the oath of fidelity to the new Constitution.

I need relate but few of the events, which have taken place at the *Champ de Mars*, to convince you, that the French are not unjustly charged with instability of character. This square, soon after the period of the grand federation, which gave birth to universal gladness and festivity, became the site of the guillotine. Hither the bloody instrument was transported from the capital, for the decapitation of the great astronomer, Bailly, a man of the most eminent talents and virtue, who was ushered into the world of spirits, covered with the execrations of that very people, who a short time before, elected him mayor of Paris; and who had, on this identical spot, hailed him as their most admired favourite and leader.

Here, the republican fêtes were celebrated during the reigns of the National Convention, and the Executive Directory. These fêtes consisted of "chariot-races and wrestling ;—horse and foot races ;—ascensions of balloons ;—descents from them by means of a parachute ;—mock-fights ;—aquatic tilling ;—splendid illuminations ;—grand fireworks ;—pantomimes ;—concerts, and dancing."

Here, Robespierre, the viceroy of the "prince of darkness," celebrated what he impiously called, a "*Festival to the Supreme Being*." At this ridiculous and awfully profane ceremony, the self-created pontif, alias the assassin, was assisted by the revolutionary committees of Paris, and the members of the National Convention, most of whom had publicly and unblushingly avowed themselves to be atheists !!

Here, an artificial level was constructed as an emblem of the equality of the French citizens.

Here, the anniversary of the death of the sixteenth Louis was celebrated in 1796.

Here, the Executive Directory came to take the oath of "*Hatred to Monarchy*," which measure was first proposed, and advocated, by Cambaceres, the present *arch chancellor of the empire* ! And ; here deputations from the departments, and from the army ; comprising many of the same men, who had so solemnly avowed their *hatred to royalty*, assembled in November 1804, to swear allegiance and fidelity to his present majesty the emperor and *King* !—Such consistency of conduct needs no comment.—But to return to the military hospital.

The Hotel of Invalids is one of the largest, most venerable, and most magnificent superstructures in France. My pen, were it to make the attempt, could give you but a very inadequate representation of the boldness and grandeur

of its architecture, or the variety and elegance of its decorations. The pencil would do the business better :—and your eye better still.

In speaking of the Hotel as a whole—as an enormous pile of connected edifices—I shall only observe, that it is composed of five courts, all environed with buildings :—that the dome, whose elevation is three hundred feet, is one of the first objects, that attract the traveller's notice, as he enters the capital, from almost any direction :—that its exterior, which is esteemed a master-piece of architecture, is surrounded by forty small, but beautiful, pillars of the composite order, and adorned with twelve gilt coats of mail crowned with helmets, which answer the purpose of skylights.

We entered, from the north, into a spacious outer court, which is encompassed by a thick wall, surmounted by several cannon. On our left we saw a small garden, finely cultivated, by the invalids, and filled with shrubs, flowers and culinary vegetables.

At the gate, where a sentinel is always stationed, we had a complete view of the north front of the Hotel. It is thirteen hundred and forty feet in length. Over the entrance, which is situated in the middle of the *facade*, you see, in large letters, this inscription, "*A l'Empereur :*" by which you are informed, that the institution is now dedicated to his imperial majesty ; who has already extended to it a more munificent patronage than authors usually get by their dedicatory addresses.

This entrance, which leads to the large interior court, is ornamented with two colossal statues ; one of Mars, and the other of Minerva. Here, as good fortune would have it, an old officer, with whom my companions were acquainted, accidentally met us, and very kindly offered to be our

guide through the most interesting parts of the establishment. After leading us a considerable distance along the beautiful arcades, which run all round the principal court ; after showing us the chambers of some of his superannuated, and maimed comrades ; he ushered us into a large and splendid apartment, which was anciently called "The Church ;" but is now denominated "*The Temple of Mars.*" Its form is that of a Greek cross, and its architecture is of the Corinthian order.

Connected with this apartment is the *Dome*, or new church, around which are erected six small chapels, adorned with the richest specimens of painting and sculpture.— It is impossible for the most stupid observer to refrain from admiring the architectural, and other decorations of this superb saloon. Its form is circular. The different parts all exhibit the most faultless proportions, and all conspire to the production of a perfect pyramid.

Placing yourself at the centre of the hall, your eye wanders round and round the circular contracting walls, charmed with every thing it beholds ; and rises insensibly from one object to another, till at length, it is riveted to the paintings on the interior of the cupola, which are three hundred feet above you. They represent the glory of the blessed in heaven. Their varied and delicate shades of colouring, which time seems only to brighten, are distinctly seen by means of light admitted at windows, which are invisible from the station of the observer. The floor is all of rich tessellated marble exquisitely polished.

Here are suspended an almost countless number of the ensigns of war, which France has taken from her enemies, in the different periods of her history. Many of them, we are told, have recently been transported from the churches, and, especially from that of Notre-Dame, to this place,

which, I think, no one will question, is their most proper, and most useful repository. It is said, that more than eighteen hundred of the standards, which are here exhibited, have been won by the French armies since the death of Louis XVI.

On a huge monumental column, and also on both sides of the great arch, which separates the Dome from the Temple, are inscribed, in letters of gold, the names of a vast number of officers and soldiers, who have fallen victims to their valour in the day of battle.

But the most conspicuous and interesting object in the Dome, or in the "Temple of Mars," is the mausoleum of marshal Turenne. This illustrious general, after having often led the armies of his country to battle, and to glory, was killed by a cannon ball, in 1675. But few of the favourites of Mars have possessed characters, so dignified, so spotless, so enviable, as Turenne's. His extraordinary talents, which raised him above the reach of envy; his nobleness of spirit; his magnanimity, which never suffered him to be guilty of a mean action; his humanity, which was always awake to the cries of the wounded and distressed, whether foes or friends, procured him almost the adoration of his own troops, and the admiration and respect of his enemies. His soldiers always addressed him by the endearing appellation of *Father*. When the commander of the German legions, which Turenne was opposing, heard of his death, he exclaimed, "Then a man is dead, who was an honour to human nature!"

His body was interred in the abbey of St. Denis, where it remained till 1793, when it was sacrilegiously torn from the tomb, by those revolutionary monsters, who, not satisfied with destroying the peace and safety of the living, then became the disturbers of the dead. Possessing its natural

shape and features, and being dry, like an Egyptian mummy, it was preserved, by the keeper of the church, from that destruction, which instantly awaited all the other bodies, found in the royal sepulchres, and by him shown to the public during half a year, as an object of curiosity. It was afterward exposed to the view of the curious, in a saloon at the Botanical Garden. Thence it was transported, by order of the Directory, to the "Museum of French Monuments," and deposited in a modern sarcophagus fabricated for the purpose. Here it had rested more than a year, when a *tri-consular* decree ordered it to be taken from the Museum and entombed in the '*Hotel des Invalids*.'

This last remove of the renowned warrior was attended with unusual pomp and ceremony. Lenoir, the director of the Museum, pronounced an address on delivering up the body of the marshal, and was answered by Lucien Bonaparte, then minister of the interior. Carnot, minister of the war department, and a number of distinguished generals assisted at the inhumation, which took place in the presence of many thousand spectators, and was accompanied with martial musick and the discharge of musketry. Thus the noble Turenne, after being dragged from his tomb by a band of frantick ruffians, and transported from place to place, during seven years, was permitted to sink again into the bosom of his parent earth, loaded a second time, with civil and military honours.

Every thing in this extensive establishment is well calculated to inkindle and fester, in the breasts of the young, a martial and heroick spirit. Let a youth, destined to the army, and ambitious of military glory, enter the "Temple of Mars." This will be his soliloquy: "I am going to fight under the auspices of the 'invincible hero.' I have every motive to exercise courage—but none to be a coward.—"

Should I have the misfortune to lose an arm, or a leg, here I shall find, with my wounded comrades, a splendid asylum, and a liberal maintenance. These standards, the remembrances of our well-fought battles, and glorious victories ;

——“Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
Of hairbreadth ‘scapes in th’ imminent deadly breach ;”

will afford us fruitful subjects of conversation to enliven the hours of waning life. — If I signalize myself by desperate daring, and survive the dreadful conflict, I shall be sure of promotion : for Bonaparte always notices, and rewards the bravery of his soldiers. If I fall fighting valiantly ; here, like Turenne, I shall repose “in the arms of immortality.” On this pillar my name will be registered with those of the heroes of France.—Cowardice will lead me to poverty and infamy ; but courage, to riches and honours—a comfortable retreat—or the grave of glory.”

The Parisians, in 1789, plundered the Military Hospital of its cannon, and thirty thousand muskets, for the purpose of besieging the Bastille. I must inform you, *en passant*, that when the cells of this ancient prison—this terrific engine of despotism,—were laid open to the day ; instead of being crowded with the wretched victims of cruelty, as they often had been, and as they were then supposed to be, they were found to contain only five, or six solitary prisoners. One of them was a Scotchman, who had been confined thirty years, during which period, he was lost to his friends, and to the world.

In 1804, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille was celebrated in the chapel of the Invalids, by his imperial majesty, the French princes, the grand dignitaries, the senate, and all the constituted authorities. After

finished, at which they all assisted (very devoutly no doubt!) an oration was delivered by the grand chancellor of the Legion of Honour; and all the members of that body, who were then at Paris, came forward, and took the oath of loyalty to their new sovereign, Napoleon the First.

The Military Hospital is said to have been considerably enlarged, and the condition of the Invalids materially meliorated, since it fell into the hands of Bonaparte. Indeed the keen eye of his policy cannot but see the importance of patronizing institutions of this description. He has given it a valuable library, consisting of twenty thousand volumes. The beautiful saloon, which contains the library, is open to the Invalids every day, except Sunday, from nine to three o'clock.

The numerous and destructive wars, in which France has been involved for the last twenty years, have augmented the number of her mutilated veterans to such a degree, that the government has found it necessary to establish branches to the Hotel of Invalids, at Lovain, and at Avignon. These, as well as the parent institution, are under the control of the minister and director of the administration of War.

The number of persons supported, and resident, in this hospital, during the reign of the last king, was two thousand, and five hundred; and the annual expences amounted to about six millions of livres; or one million and eighty thousand dollars. The building is at present capable of containing about four thousand individuals.

There are, among the officers of the establishment, who reside within the precincts of the Hotel, (a part of whom are selected from the invalid corps,) a governor, a brigade general, a colonial, a *chef d'escadron*, an adjutant major, four captains; and others of inferior rank:—a commissary,

treasurer, secretary ; physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, and, last of all, a chaplin.

We did not forget to visit the kitchens and refectories, which are very spacious, neat, and plentifully supplied with provisions. The cooks were making preparations for dinner. The unsodden meat, which lay in vast piles in the kitchens, was evidently not the refuse of the markets. It was plump, cleanly, and untainted. Any one not acquainted with the French mode of living, would be at a loss to conceive how the immense quantity of herb soup, which we saw boiling in the huge caldrons, was to be disposed of. But should he wait till it came within the reach of the Invalids, the solution would be easy. There was not less, I imagine, than three or four hogsheads, at least. In this, and in all other parts of the Hotel, a greater degree of attention to cleanliness, and to the comfort and health of the inhabitants is observable than I was prepared to expect.

The soldiers dine twelve in a company, and each is allowed a bowl of soup, boiled meat, a plate of vegetables, as much bread as he craves, and a pint of good wine. The officers fare more sumptuously.

Before we left the building, we observed hundreds of the disabled veterans, assembling from the garden, and walks, to partake of their approaching repast ;—some hobbling along on one leg and a crutch, or two wooden legs ;—some deprived of an arm, or an eye, or covered with the scars of “ghastly wounds ;”—and some with bodies horribly mangled and disfigured. It was a spectacle, which no philanthropist could witness, without deploring the condition of a world, subjected to the necessary and unavoidable calamities of war. The wan countenances, and emaciated and enfeebled bodies of many of these once active, and perhaps brave, warriors, are sufficient indications, that their

lamp of life is sunk low in its socket ; and that they are shortly to fall into the power of an inexorable enemy, from whose iron grasp no mortal has ever yet been fortunate enough to escape.

We had but just time to satisfy our curiosity, at the military hospital, and return to the *Rue de Sevrès*, before dinner was announced. The usual hour of dining in Paris, as well as in London, is five o'clock. Among the court gentry, and other *fashionables* of the highest stamp, it is, in both cities, not unfrequently deferred till six or seven.—The different classes of citizens, however, dine at very different hours ; and so do the same class, in different ages. The fashion in this particular, as well as every other, changes with the revolutions of time.

“Two hundred years ago, says Pujoulx, the Parisians dined, at midday ; at present, the artizan dines, at two o'clock ; the merchant, at three ; the clerk, at four ; the wealthy, the man of enterprize, the exchange broker, at five ; the minister, the legislator, the rich bachelor, at six ; and these last ordinarily quit the table, at the same hour, that our fathers sat down to supper. Three quarters of Paris no longer sup, and half of these three quarters have adopted this practice for economy. Those, who sup, begin their repast at eleven, and, in summer retire to bed at the time the labourer rises.”—This picture was drawn by a Parisian, and, as far as my knowledge extends, is correct.

Dinner is the Frenchman's principal, and almost only meal. But a small portion of the Parisians refresh, or rather overpower, exhausted nature with a *dejeuner a la fourchette* ; of which meat and other substantial articles are the chief ingredients. By far the greatest part of them partake of a light breakfast ; which during nearly half the year consists of grapes, bread, and common wine,

Our palates are like weathercocks: these obey custom as those do the wind; though rather more reluctantly. What is, at first, unpleasant, and even loathsome, to the taste, soon becomes, by continued use, not only tolerably agreeable, but oftentimes, the source of exquisite pleasure. This pliability, which belongs not to the taste alone, but to all the senses; and, indeed, to the whole physical and moral man, is not one of the least striking excellencies in the economy of nature.

Six weeks ago, my aversion to the Parisian breakfast, I fully believed, was so strong, that no length of time would be able to conquer it:—but it is now completely subdued.—And I assure you, my friend, strange as it may seem, that I am, at present, better pleased to see the servant enter my chamber, (for boarders usually breakfast in their chambers) at eight in the morning, with a fine white roll; a bottle of *vin ordinaire*; and a large cluster of fresh grapes; than I ever was, to see a New-England table, groaning under a massy load of coffee, tea, toast, beef-steak, sweet-meats, or even pumpkin pies! You, I know, are an advocate for the solids in the morning; but to me they are the bane of study, and an enemy to the pleasures of an early walk.

There are, I believe, no people in the world, who devour more food, at dinner, than the French. An abstinence, of eight or nine hours, gives a keen edge to the appetite, which they indulge, without the least restraint. You would be amused to see a dozen Frenchmen dining at a Parisian ordinary. No sooner are they seated around the table, than they commence a bold attack on the fortress before them, with, apparently, as sincere and fixed a determination, as ever a warrior felt “to conquer or die.”—The outworks are soon carried.

"Fervet opus."

The soup-bowls are exhausted ;—the formidable mounds of *bouilli*, and *roti*, and *pâté* are speedily demolished.—Their native politeness abandons them, for a season, and is succeeded by the voraciousness of the tyger. Could you see with what frequency, and velocity, the knife and spoon, and fingers travel from the plate to the mouth, you would certainly conclude, that they had just completed the penance of a ten days fast.

At a regular dining party, composed of individuals of both sexes, the tables are less hastily disburdened ; but even here, the eagerness—the hurry, displayed in satisfying the cravings of hunger, would, among us, vulgar, and (as the French and English both suppose) *half-indianized*, Americans, be deemed extremely indecent.

In France, the gentlemen and ladies are not separated, and ranged on opposite sides of the table, "like two armies facing each other for battle," but are seated alternately, or by pairs, and sometimes intermixed promiscuously, as chance, or the choice of the guests, directs.—Though the most sociable and polite people in the world ; and though thrown into a situation, of all others, the most favourable for conversation, I have sometimes known the gentlemen to be perfectly mute, during the first part of the entertainment, and utterly neglectful of kind offices to their female neighbours. I saw a striking instance of this, yesterday, at M. D's, a wealthy Swiss banker, who gave a sumptuous dinner to about thirty guests, most of whom were foreigners. Fortunately for the ladies, however, they are not, in general, so encumbered with diffidence, as to be incapable of making known their wants, or of soliciting the gratification of them.

A fashionable dinner always consists of three courses.

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To enumerate all the dishes, which appear on a Parisian table, would require a whole letter. It would not indeed be possible, at present; for I have not yet learnt half their names. The bill of fare, presented you at all the first-rate *restaurateurs*, is a printed sheet, as large, at least, as the *moniteur*; and containing information quite as agreeable to the *taste* of the French, and perhaps of the whole world, as that usually contained in the columns of that celebrated imperial newspaper. I have now before me one of these bills, filled with a catalogue of no less than three hundred and eleven distinct species of eatables and *drinkables*: among which, are fifteen kinds of soup;—beef, cooked in fourteen different ways;—nine sorts of pastry, containing fowl, flesh, and fish;—poultry and game, prepared in thirty four ways;—veal and mutton, under forty one distinct forms;—eighteen varieties of fish;—thirty six by-dishes; which constitute the *second course*, and consist of vegetables, variously prepared, puddings, creams, &c. &c; *desert*, comprising twenty three articles;—and, to crown all, sixty seven kinds of wine, and *liqueurs*; such as rum, brandy, &c. &c. From such a world of good things, it is, I assure you, no easy matter for a raw pupil in the school of Epicurus, to make a selection.

I have already informed you, that the French are far more temperate, in the use of wine, than the English.—The gentlemen, in no instance that I have seen, remain at table, after the ladies retire. They both withdraw together.—A cup of strong coffee is offered immediately after dinner. It is drunken, with a large quantity of sugar, but without cream. The gentlemen generally drink it, while standing or walking carelessly about the room, engaged in conversation with each other, or with the ladies. To this succeed small glasses of *liqueurs*; under which denomina-

tion are comprehended, not only cordials of various kinds and of moderate strength, but also some of the most exalting and intoxicating liquids; such as rum, Coniac brandy &c.

The company commonly separates before the theatres open. If any individual wishes to retire before the rest, he quits the room without any ceremony, and with as little noise as possible, that he may not interrupt the conversation, or amusements, of the party. This is called the French *leave*: and it is truly a most convenient one; for, you thus avoid a formality, which is oftentimes extremely troublesome; but which is, at present, quite agreeable to me, and I think will be to you after toiling through this long, "sleep-compelling" epistle;—I mean that of bidding

ADIEU.

REVIEW.

Essays on the Distinguishing Traits of christian character:
By GARDINER SPRING, A. M. Pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, in the City of New-York. New-York, published by Dodge & Sage, No. 242, Pearl-Street. pp. 230. 8 vo. J. Seymour printer. 1813.

Not every one, that saith, Lord, Lord! shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven, is the declaration of Him, in whom there was no guile. Probably no era, since its utterance, has furnished more ample illustration of this truth, than the present.

Neither extensive observation, nor superior discernment, is requisite to discover, that among modern christians, to profess, and to feel, the vital power of religion, are terms,

often strikingly contrasted in their application. Comparatively few, who claim the privileges, and, appropriate to themselves the promises of the gospel, appear duly to appreciate its binding force, or to realize its practical influence.

Some doubtless there are, who liberally share the spirit and faithfully copy the example of the Author and finisher of their faith,—some—who, unsatisfied with superficial attainments in piety, *follow on to know the Lord*, and by the blamelessness of their conduct, endeavour to illustrate the excellence of their principles. Individuals of this description, may venture on good grounds, to cherish the inspiring hope of immortal felicity. Through every varying circumstance in life, they may cast their burthen upon God their Saviour, resting assured that *He careth for them*.

But the melancholy conviction, that, at the present day, multitudes of nominal christians erect the fabrick of their future hopes upon a sandy basis, is irresistably forced upon our minds. Multitudes, we have reason to believe, suspend their eternal interests upon a *spider's web*. They make a fallacy their dependance, a delusion their only support.

To the christian philanthropist, who looks through the vista of futurity, to that interesting period, when '*the hail shall sweep away all refuges of lies*,' dreary appears the prospect and miserable the doom of such victims of credulity. His strongest sympathies are excited in their behalf. Gladly would he arrest them in their infatuated course, and save them from cherishing a destructive error. Every thing calculated to awaken their apprehensions, and to excite in their minds a spirit of serious enquiry, he welcomes as peculiarly auspicious.

With such emotions, and such reflections, have we perused the volume, the title of which stands at the head of this article. It embraces a series of essays on the distinguishing traits of the christian character.

Impressed with the importance of being clearly understood on these momentous topics, the author seems, uniformly, to have studied the greatest perspicuity of style and plainness of expression. Seldom or never, have we perused a book with more unmingled pleasure. In our opinion, Mr. Spring is strictly evangelical in his doctrines, chaste and classical in his composition, luminous in his arrangement, pungent in his reasoning, animated and pathetic in his application. Unlike some theologians of modern date, he does not aim at a mere personal display.—He seems, on the contrary, to have deeply participated in what we should imagine, the feelings and sentiments of one, elevated on an eminence, with the power of surveying the actions and pursuits of mortals, while at the same time enabled accurately to scan their motives, and to appreciate their destinies. In such circumstances, where time in all its relations, appears literally as the *'vapour, which soon passeth away;'* and those, the only realities, which are endowed with the awful attribute of Eternity, an individual would be apt to forget himself. Partialities of every description would be absorbed in concern for the common interest, and that course only pursued, which was best adapted to promote the publick weal—to diminish the general woe.

Thus it is with the author of the work under consideration. His own popularity seems in his view of trifling moment. Diffusive in his benevolence, his object is, evidently, extensive usefulness,—his ambition, the salvation of souls. His particular design, is to expose the vain confidence of

the hypocrite; to crimson the cheek of the formalist; to disturb the slumbers of those "that are at ease in Zion;" to fix the faith of the wavering; and to encourage the hopes of the desponding christian. And so convincing are the arguments, so distinguishing the tests, which he adduces, that we offer it as our deliberate opinion, that no one can caudily and dispassionately examine the work, without obtaining satisfactory evidence of his real condition.

With emotions, indescribably painful, have we heard the discourses and witnessed the conduct of *some pretended teachers*, calculated, as we thought, to instil the idea, that the ardor of devotion was no other than the excitement of passion, and the pure flame of the altar, but the temporary flickering of earth-enkindled zeal. With similar sensations, we have listened to the metaphysical reviews of *others*, so refined, so abstract, so intellectual, as to require an argument to persuade us, that our own benefit was the object of their exertions, or the good of their fellow-men, the subject of their desires. Forsaking the sphere of human life, they seemed to have formed to themselves some ideal standard of existence, alike unintelligible and uninteresting to their hearers.

Each of these extremes we consider equally hostile to the pure and undefiled doctrines of the cross.

In the subject of this review, therefore, we remark, with pleasure a happy medium.

Man is here considered a compound being, "*fearfully and wonderfully made.*" The affections of his heart, and the qualities of his mind, are viewed as the offspring of the same created energy,—as the productions of the same unerring Wisdom. In the opinion of the author, both should be rendered the handmaids of piety, both should conspire to celebrate their maker's praise. The conviction of the

judgment is therefore with him, an object of primary importance.

But the avenues to the understanding, he believes are to be found only in the heart. Acting upon this principle, he successfully combines the force of rational conviction, with the strongest bias of the will, and while he designates the path of duty, inspires the reader with a rigorous resolution to pursue it. A work of this kind, we are of opinion, is a great desideratum in our churches, and we devoutly hope, it may be widely disseminated and prove a rich and lasting blessing to our country.

Some will perhaps be disappointed, if we close this article, without furnishing copious extracts from the book which has formed the subject of our remarks. But circumstances must plead our apology. Our limits are too confined to admit of, even, slightly, glancing at all the chapters of the volume, and we could not acquit ourselves of the charge of injustice to the author, should we break in upon the unity of the respective parts, by exhibiting small portions in detail. We must therefore content ourselves with introducing two or three quotations, as specimens of the general style. The first, we select from the "Fifth Essay," confidence in good estate, not as marked with any peculiar excellence, but, as important for combatting a prevalent and dangerous opinion.

"Some rest this presumption" (their confidence in a good estate) "on an unwarrantable notion, which they entertain of the mercy of God. They are in the habit of viewing it as a general, indefinite, undistinguishing attribute. They imagine that because God is declared to be no respecter of persons, He exercises His mercy indiscriminately. They view Him as a being so fondly attached to the interest of His creatures, as to pardon them without reference to the terms of the gospel, and save

them without regard to their own moral character, to the honour of His law, or to the well-being of his kingdom. They rely on no promise; they rest on no covenant. They are satisfied with the thought that *God is merciful!* They rest on the phantom "uncovenanted mercy." Tell them that they are sinners; and they tell you, that God is *not strict to mark iniquity*. Tell them that they have incurred the penalty of a righteous law, and deserve to die: and they tell you that they have never "done any harm;" and, if they have, a merciful God will forgive them. God is too good to send them to hell; It cannot be that He will cast them off for ever!

This is the subterfuge of thousands; the miserable hiding place that must be overflowed, when the billows of divine wrath beat upon this falling world. It is the fatal rock on which thousands have split. How many impenitent, Christless sinners have rested here for eternity! How many have I seen on a dying bed, who had not a spark of vital religion, who still indulged the hope that God was too merciful to damn them! My heart bleeds when I think of it. Why do men forget, that God is as just and as holy as he is gracious? All His perfections must be glorified. We cannot be saved at the expense of one of them. God regards His own glory and the interests of His kingdom more than every thing else. To these every thing must bow. If he were not too holy; too just; nay, too good; to admit a totally depraved being into His kingdom that kingdom would fall. Unholy men must be excluded from heaven because they are not fit for it. To exclude them is a part of that benevolent design, which is to make, on the whole, the most happy universe. God has the same benevolent motive for excluding the unholy from the heavenly state, that He has for admitting the holy. Yes, we hesitate not to say, that the benevolent God is too good to admit one unsanctified soul into the pure regions of the blessed. He has too great a regard for the honour of His character, and for the excellence of His law; He loves the an-

gelic host too well ; He loves his people, He loves His Son too well ; ever to permit the song of the redeemed to feel the jar of one unhallowed tongue.—The very thought is reproachful to His glory. No sin is there. The light of heaven shall never be darkened even by the shadow of death. The designs of infinite benevolence, shall never be frustrated by the introduction of one unholy being into the kingdom of God.—Where, O where, is the delusion of the miserable self-deceiver, when justice exacts the uttermost farthing !” p. 43.

The next, and only remaining, specimen, we transcribe from the “Seventh Essay—Repentance.”

“The God who made all worlds, and who alone is qualified to govern the worlds, which he has made, has given a rule of action to his creatures, which is the result of infinite wisdom and goodness.

The precept and sanction of this law are perfectly equitable. The highest authority has pronounced them to be holy, just, and good.

To violate this law, is an evil. To violate this law, is nothing less than an attempt to sunder the bond that holds the moral world together. It is therefore a great evil. Every violation of this law, is an effort to resist the salutary effects of a perfect rule of action. It is a natural opposition to all the good which that rule of action, if obeyed, would eventually secure. Could the evil nature and tendency of sin therefore be fully expressed ; could this *enemy of all righteousness*, be clothed with the energy of omnipotence ; all that is good, all that is happy would be chased away, and the world, that once smiled under the beneficent hand of its Maker, would be left bare of the last vestige of bliss. The same accursed foe that hurled the angels from the highest heavens ; that drove our first parents from Paradise ; that deluged the world by a flood ; that laid waste, the cities of the plain, that has multiplied its trophies in slaughtered thousands, that has given death his sting, and the law its curse ; that has crucified the Lord of glory,—would not stay his ruth-

less hand, until he had "rolled the volume of desolation," through the empire of the Eternal, and enjoyed the malignant pleasure of brooding over the ruins of the desolated Universe." p. 91.

The Corsair, A Tale, by LORD BYRON. From the fifth London edition. New-York; published by Eastburn, Kirk and Co. Literary Rooms, corner of Wall and Nassau Streets. 1814. 18 mo. pp. 108.

Success naturally produces confidence, and confidence usually occasions a relaxation of our endeavours. To this cause may be often ascribed the failure, on the part of a popular author, to secure, in a later production, the applause which he had already acquired and to meet the expectation, which his earlier efforts had excited. But, although haste and negligence will frequently account for the inequalities, visible in the different works of able and celebrated writers, still it cannot be doubted, that they are often owing to other causes. Infelicity in the selection of a subject, a mistake in deciding with regard to the mode of execution, faults in the incidents of a story and in the choice and arrangement of topics, and, above all, a temporary enervation of the mind, unfitting it for lofty and steady flights, disqualifying it for powerful and uniform exertion, are reasons, adequate to account for the effects, which are witnessed. For, it is a notorious fact, that public anticipation is often grievously disappointed in the later productions of distinguished authors. And however little the decision may be relished and however poor a compliment it may be esteemed, still that the last is inferior

to the preceding performance, is the sentence, which the literary censor must frequently pronounce, and the sentence which the publick voice will confirm.

Such is the opinion, which we have formed of "The Corsair," the last of Lord Byron's poems. It may be free from some of the faults, which appear in the productions, which preceded it. But, in our view, it possesses less vigour and creates less interest, evinces less brilliant and glowing conception, contains less splendid and happy imagery, exhibits fewer instances of peculiar felicity of expression, and affords fewer passages, that enchain the attention, and imprint themselves upon the memory. But it still bears marks of Lord Byron's powers of execution. It is characterized by his vigour of thought, and compass and energy of language.

Among living poets Lord Byron undoubtedly holds a place in the front rank. He has attained, what forms no mean distinction, a poetical elevation, which probably no English nobleman before him ever reached. Neither Dorset, Rochester, Roscommon, Halifax, Sheffield or Lyttleton, or any subsequent poet among the nobility of England, either in the extent, or character of his productions, will sustain a comparison with his Lordship. "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" was extensively read and admired, and ensured its author a high standing among contemporary poets. And, if frequently issuing new works would sustain his popularity, he has not suffered it to decline. We have had from his pen, in such rapid succession, "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos" and "The Corsair," that we have scarcely had it in our power to obtain one, before another made its appearance. That they meet with no unfavourable reception from the publick, appears clearly in the fact, that of each, edition has trodden upon the heels of edition.

They are, however, well calculated to obtain a perusal.— They are adapted to the taste of a busy and a volatile age. Let them please or disgust, they will not detain the reader long. That such success should have given birth to negligence, that it should have occasioned the want of that close and vigilant attention, and of that vigorous exertion, which might otherwise have been employed, would not be surprising. And, undoubtedly, care might have prevented many of the faults which are visible in “The Corsair, and more intense efforts might have imparted to the work a more elevated character and a higher finishing.

X The incidents in “The Corsair” are far from being numerous and complicated, and the period of action is short. The scene is laid in one of those Islands in the Archipelago, denominated the Cyclades, and in the harbour and town of Coron, in the Morea. Conrad, who, for some reason, we are not very distinctly informed what, had imbibed the blackest spirit of misanthropy, and who had become the leader of a band of pirates, is the hero of the piece. The first part of the poem is made up of an account of the pirate's Isle, a delineation of the character of Conrad, an exhibition of the fond and mutual attachment between him and Medora, the “outlaw's spouse,” an account of the departure of Conrad, on the arrival of unexpected intelligence, upon a sudden and perilous enterprize, and of his entering, without discovery, the harbour of Coron, at an early hour of the night.

The second part opens with an account of the appearance of the town, and of the security of the Turks. Seyd, a Turkish governour, had assembled a formidable force, and made extensive preparations to attack the retreat of the Corsairs, and to extirpate the band. In order to defeat this design, which is on the point of being carried into

execution, Conrad resolves, although half his strength is absent on a cruise, to attack the Pacha by surprise. He finds the Turks entirely unsuspecting of danger, and the town a scene of mirth and revelry, preparatory to entering on the contemplated expedition. Conrad himself, in the disguise of a dervise, gains access to the palace of Seyd, who had given an entertainment to his officers. While he is detained in the palace, his followers, without waiting for the appointed signal, fire the Turkish shipping, and commence their attack upon the town. Detected by this premature and untowardly assault, he throws off his disguise, appears in complete armour, and boldly attacks the Pacha and his guests. Their astonishment and consternation afford him peculiar advantages, which he effectually employs, and all either fly, or fall before him. He gives a signal and summons his comrades to his aid, and he then resolves to set fire to the city. The flames are soon raging on every side. At this instant, the shrieks of females are heard from the Haram, and Conrad and his band hasten to their rescue. With intense exertion, and extreme danger, the women are borne from the burning palace, and lodged in a place of safety. The delay, which this display of mercy, this act of humanity, occasions, gives the Turks an opportunity to rally, and the light of the flames shows them the strength of their assailants. With Seyd at their head, they enter the lists, and a sense of shame, and a sight of the mischief, which had been wrought, inspire them with a thirst for vengeance, and fire them with courage. Conrad and his followers are hemmed in on every side, and, after fighting long and desperately, against fearful odds, are overpowered. Many are slain, and he, with others, covered with wounds, is made a prisoner. Seyd resolves to spare no suffering, which it is in his power to inflict up-

on his foe, and Conrad nerves his heart to meet the utmost efforts of unrelenting hate. But deliverance arises from an unexpected quarter. In the rescue of the women from the burning serai, it had been his fortune to convey away in safety, through suffocating smoke and scorching flames, Gulnare, the favourite of Seyd. Gratitude to her deliverer for life, and for protection from vulgar rudeness and lawless violence, admiration of his person, and surprise at his respectful and courteous deportment, at his dignified and chivalrous gallantry, created in her mind a powerful interest in his behalf, and prompted her to attempt ensuring his safety. She finds means of visiting him in his prison, and engages to interpose her influence with Seyd to avert his fate.

In the third part, we learn that she fulfils her promise, but without success. Seyd is implacable. Nothing can soothe his rage and induce him to forego wreaking his utmost vengeance on his captive. Exasperated with her importunity, and rendered jealous by her solicitude, he replies with reproaches and sarcasms, to her persuasion, and, with his taunts, he mingles threats. Irritated and alarmed, Gulnare determines on the assassination of Seyd, on giving freedom to Conrad, and on being the companion of his flight. His execution had been delayed, that preparation might be made to render his death more tedious and excruciating, and his fate more terrible. In this interval, she finds means to corrupt a number of Seyd's adherents. Every preparation having been made for their departure, in order to glut her revenge, and ensure their escape, upon Conrad's refusal, she herself becomes an assassin. Their flight is successful, and they reach, in safety, the Corsairs Isle. In the mean time, a few of Conrad's followers, in a shattered boat, some wounded, and all most wretched, had returned. Medora is, at first, persuaded, that he had fall-

en in the unsuccessful struggle, and she summons resolution to meet and brave the trial. But when assured, that he was seen, not slain, but wounded and a captive, her feelings relent, and her heart, unable to sustain the conflicting and tumultuous emotions of doubt and hope and fear, which agitate it, bursts and she becomes the victim of her sensibility. Conrad finds her dressed for the grave. Hopeless and distracted at his loss, he disappears, and we are left to conclude, from the fact, that no tidings of him can be heard, and that no traces of him can be discovered, that he has closed his career by suicide.

Such is an outline of the story, on which this poem is constructed. These incidents, with an intermixture of description and sentiment, Lord Byron has so worked up, that he has produced a poem which will be read with interest, and command applause, as the offspring of no ordinary genius.

That our readers may be enabled to form for themselves a judgement of the character of the work, we shall lay before them, as our limits will allow, some, as they strike us, of the finest passages, which the poem supplies. We shall afterwards notice some of those poetical and moral delinquencies, which we deem ourselves warranted in alledging against his Lordship.

The character of Conrad is, in the main, well delineated, and ably sustained. Pride, a distant and lofty demeanour, entire self-possession, great promptness of decision, extreme fertility of resources, unconquerable resolution, nice and chivalrous feelings of honour, and the sternest misanthropy, with, at times, melting and child-like tenderness, are its prominent traits. In his portrait there are, however, some anomalous features, some which do not accord with the analogy of our nature, and some, which do not happily correspond with others.

The following passage points out the cause of Conrad's dominion over his adherents, and of the influence of a powerful mind over inferior understandings.

That man of loneliness and mystery,
 Scarce seen to smile, and seldom heard to sigh—
 Whose name appals the fiercest of his crew,
 And tints each swarthy cheek with sallow hue;
 Still sways their souls with that commanding art,
 That dazzles—leads—yet chills the vulgar heart.
 What is that spell, that thus his lawless train
 Confess and envy—yet oppose in vain?
 What should it be? that thus their faith can bind?
 'The power of thought—the magic of the mind!
 Linked with success—assumed and kept with skill,
 That moulds another's weakness to its will,
 Wields with their hands but still to these unknown,
 Makes even their mightiest deeds appear his own.
 Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun
 The many still must labour for the one;
 'Tis nature's doom—but let the wretch, who toils,
 Accuse not—hate not—*him* who wears the spoils.
 Oh! if he knew the weight of splendid chains,
 How light the balance of his humbler pains! pp. 10. 11.

On principles, false as these of Conrad, and on grounds, as preposterous, mankind often act. They are strangers to virtue and piety, and they pronounce them phantoms.—They are neither loved nor respected, and, instead of attempting to gain esteem or affection, with a perverted ambition, they resolve and aim, and often in very narrow spheres, only to be feared.

He knew himself a villian—but he deem'd
 The rest no better than the thing he seem'd;
 And scorn'd the best, as hypocrites, who hid
 Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did.

He knew himself detested, but he knew
The hearts, that loath'd him, crouch'd and dreaded too.
Lone, wild and strange, he stood alike exempt
From all affection and from all contempt :
His name could sadden and his acts surprise ;
But they that fear'd him, dared not to despise ;
Man spurns the worm, but pauses ere he wake
The slumbering venom of the folded snake. pp. 14. 15.

The strength and ardour of Conrad's attachment to Medora are happily described in the succeeding lines.

Yes—it was love—if thoughts of tenderness,
Tried in temptation, strengthened by distress,
Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,
And yet—Oh more than all !—Untired by time—
Which nor defeated hope nor baffled wile
Could render sullen, were she ne'er to smile,
Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to vent
On her one murmur of his discontent—
Which still would meet with joy, with calmness part,
Lest that his look of grief should reach her heart ;
Which nought removed—nor menaced to remove—
If there be love in mortals—this was love ! pp. 15, 16.

The restless and unappeasable solicitude of genuine and fond affection is well imbodied in Medora's intreaties, that Conrad would relinquish a Corsair's roving and hazardous life, from which the following lines are taken.

Oh ! many a night on this lone couch reclin'd,
My dreaming fear with storms has wing'd the wind,
And deem'd the breath, that faintly fann'd thy sail—
The murmuring prelude of the rougher gale ;
Though soft—it seem'd the low prophetic dirge,
That mourn'd thee floating on the savage surge ;
Still would I rise to rouse the beacon fire,
Lest spies less true should let the blaze expire ;

And many a restless hour outwatch'd each star,
And morning came—and still thou wert afar.
Oh! how the chill blast on my bosom blew,
And day broke dreary on my troubled view,
And still I gazed and gazed—and not a prow,
Was granted to my tears—my truth—my vow!
At length—'twas noon—I hail'd and blest the mast
That met my sight—it near'd—Alas! it past!
Another came—Oh God! 'twas thine at last!

Conrad's change of appearance, when detected in the Pacha's palace, and the scene of confusion and distress and horror, which ensued are thus described.

Up rose the Dervise with that burst of light,
Nor less his change of form appall'd the sight:
Up rose that Dervise—not in saintly garb
But like a warrior bounding from his barb,
Dash'd his high cap, and tore his robe away—
Shone his mail'd breast, and flash'd his sabre's ray:
His close, but glittering casque, and sable plume,
More glittering eye, and black brow's sabler gloom,
Glared on the Moslem's eyes some Afrit sprite,
Whose demon death-blow left no hope for fight.
The wild confusion, and the swarthy glow,
Of flames on high, and torches from below;
The shriek of terror, and the mingling yell—
For swords began to clash, and shouts to swell,
Flung o'er that spot of earth the air of hell! pp. 38, 39.

The heroick firmness of Conrad, his untamed and untameable spirit is steadily displayed. When, wounded and a prisoner, he stands surrounded by triumphant and exasperated foes, he stands unmoved. When, day after day "in fettered solitude," his thoughts were at liberty to prey upon the mind, when memory could call up to view the crimes, the follies and the joys of the past, and imagination

could paint the anguish of the future, his inevitable doom, and the protracted and insupportable tortures of his execution, tortures so terrible and so prolonged, that they might well blanch the cheek of the hardiest with fear, tortures to be endured amidst exulting and deriding enemies, and to be borne without an eye to weep at his fate, without a friend to witness and attest his fortitude, and without a smile to animate, or an exhortation to encourage, through all this, his resolution quailed not, his heart never shrunk.

He deeply felt—what mortal hearts must feel,
When thus revers'd on faithless fortunes wheel,
For crimes committed, and the victor's threat
Of lingering tortures to repay the debt
He deeply, darkly felt; but evil pride,
That led to perpetrate—now serves to hide
Still in his stern and self-collected mein
A conqueror's more than captive's air is seen,
Though faint with wasting toil and stiffening wound
But few that saw—so calmly gaz'd around. pp. 45, 46.
Could terror tame—that spirit stern and high
Had prov'd unwilling as unfit to die;
'Twas worn—perhaps decayed—yet silent bore
That conflict deadlier far than all before:
The heat of fight the hurry of the gale,
Leave scarce one thought inert enough to quail,
But bound and fix'd in fettered solitude,
To pine the prey of every changing mood;
To gaze on thine own heart—and meditate
Irrevocable faults—and coming fate—
Too late the last to shun—the first to mend—
To count the hours that struggle to thine end,
With not a friend to animate and tell
To other ears, that death became thee well;

Around thee foes to forge the ready lie,
And blot life's latest scene with calumny ;
Before thee tortures which the soul can dare,
Yet doubts how well the shrinking flesh may bear ;
But deeply feels a single cry would shame
To valour's praise thy last and dearest claim ;
The life thou leav'st below—denied above
By kind monopolists of heavenly love,
And more than doubtful paradise—thy heaven
Of earthly hope—thy lov'd one from thee riven :
Such were the thoughts that outlaw must sustain,
And govern pangs surpassing mortal pain :— pp. 72, 73.

In the following extracts, both addressed to Gulnare, the steadfast and unalterable constancy of Conrad, his warmth of feeling, and his nice and scrupulous sense of honour are well exhibited. In the first of these passages, the ground is, in part, supplied of some of those animadversions, which we deem it our duty to offer."

Yes!—loth indeed :—my soul is nerv'd to all,
Or fall'n too low to fear a further fall .
Tempt not thyself with peril—me with hope,
Of flight from foes with whom I could not cope ;
Unfit to vanquish,—shall I meanly fly,
The only one of all my band that would not die ?
Yet there is one—to whom my memory clings
Till to these eyes her own wild softness springs.
My sole resources in the path I trod
Were these—my bark—my sword—my love—my God ;
The last I left in youth—he leaves me now—
And man but works his will to lay me low.
I have no thought to mock his throne with prayer
Wrung from the coward crouching of despair,
It is enough—I breathe—and I can bear.
My sword is shaken from the worthless hand,
That might have better kept so true a brand ;

My bark is sunk or captive—but my love—
 For her in sooth my voice would mount above ;
 Oh ! she is all, that still to earth can bind—
 And this will break a heart so more than kind,
 And blight a form—till thine appeared, Gulnare !
 Mine eye ne'er ask'd, if others were as fair ? pp, 54, 55,
 Gulnare—Gulnare—I never felt till now,
 My abject fortune—withered fame so low
 Seyd is mine enemy : had swept my band
 From earth with ruthless, but with open hand,
 And therefore, came I, in my bark of war,
 To smite the smiter with the scimitar :
 Such is my weapon—not the secret knife—
 Who spares a woman's seeks not slumber's life—
 Thine saved I gladly, Lady, not for this—
 Let me not deem that mercy shown amiss." pp, 78, 79.

We close our quotations with the description of the shrouded Medora.

"In life itself she was so still and fair,
 That death with gentler aspect withered there :
 And the cold flowers her colder hand contain'd,
 In that last grasp as tenderly were strain'd
 As if she scarcely felt, but feign'd a sleep,
 And made it almost mock'ry yet to weep.
 The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow—
 And veil'd—thought shrinks from all that lurk'd below.
 Oh ! O'er the eye death most exerts his might
 And hurls the spirit from her throne of light !
 Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,
 But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips"—pp, 90' 91,

On the literary defects of "the Corsair," we have neither space nor leisure to dwell at any considerable length. A few, however, we shall briefly notice.

In our view, Lord Byron has erred in exchanging the

lighter measure of "The Giaour" and "The Bride of Abydos for the epick stanza. To moral disquisitions, to satire, and to themes of epick dignity the heroick measure is certainly best adapted. But the shorter verse possesses more sprightliness and ease and grace, and it is capable of combining with these qualities, and in Lord Byron's hands has actually been made to combine, a large share of pithiness and vigour, of grandeur and pathos. For a tale like "The Corsair," we view it, therefore, as the most appropriate vehicle.

The character of his verse, we see no reason to censure. It has not the melody of the most finished numbers of Pope, nor the still more smooth and musical flow of Darwin's lines, and of those of many modern "builders of the lofty rhyme." But it is not on this account the less pleasing. It bears a clear resemblance to the style of versification in Crabbe's Tales. It never sinks to low and prosaick familiarity, and it never is marked with awkward stateliness, and unseasonable effort. There is, however, occasionally, a feeble and faulty line to be met with; but such lines do not frequently occur. Sometimes a tame and sinking expression is employed for the sake of the rhyme, which it supplies. We have an instance or two in our eye.

"The first day pass'd—he saw not her—*Gulnare*"—

The second—third—and still she came not there;" p. 73.

"'Tis as his heart foreboded—that fair *she*." p. 74.

"Some villain spy—sieve—cleave him—slay him *now*." p. 38.

We have sometimes, though not often, a slight trace of that strange perversion of taste, which Southey, preeminent as are his powers, has so strongly manifested, which, while aiming at simplicity, and tenderness, leads him to

make men and women talk in the puling and sickening style of the nursery.

But the obscurity, which is frequently discoverable, and the abrupt transitions from strains of fine description and elevated sentiment, form the prominent literary faults of the poem.

The abruptness, which is observable is, occasionally happy. It causes passages, in which it is found, closely to resemble that broken and disjointed manner, which marks the haste, anxiety, grief, or indignation of the speaker. But, at other times, the shock, which the mind receives, is not much less violent and severe, than the body sustains in falling from a height, or striking forcibly against some unexpected obstacle. We will adduce an example or two.

Lord Byron thus closes a description of the parting scene between Conrad and Medora.

"One moment gazed—as if to gaze no more—
Felt—that for him earth held but her alone,
Kiss'd her cold forehead—turn'd—is Conrad gone?" p. 24.

Noticing the contemplations of Conrad, when after leaving the town of Coron, while passing the cape, where he anchored, when he entered the harbour, he thus concludes,

"He thought on her afar, his lonely bride—
He turn'd and saw—*Gulnare the homicide!* p. 84.

After delineating the appearance of Medora, prepared for her interment, he adds,

"These—and the pale pure cheek became the bier—
But she is nothing—wherefore is she here?" p. 91.

The abruptness, which we have instanced, causes, in some degree, the obscurity of which we complain. But it is, in part, owing to a different cause. Sentences are protracted, at times, nearly or quite through a page, and their

form and cast, before the termination, is changed from what the commencement indicated. It is, therefore, frequently necessary to peruse passages again and again, before the meaning is gathered.

The comparison near the close of the poem, although on many accounts to be admired, as evincing the hand of a master, is not sufficiently exact, in many of its circumstances, and is too elaborate and protracted, to meet with unqualified approbation.

In the delineation of Conrad's character the discordant traits are blemishes, which affect Lord Byron's poetical skill. How the declaration

"He hated man too much to feel remorse
And thought the voice of wrath a sacred call
To pay the injuries of some on all," p. 14.

accords with what immediately succeeds, "He knew himself a villain," and with his terror at the thought of adding to his mass of guilt,

"Oh! I forgot—but Heaven will not forgive,
If at my word the helpless cease to live:
Follow who will—I go—we yet have time
Our souls to lighten of at least a crime, p. 41.

and with some other circumstances, we do not very clearly perceive. That an intellect sagacious and powerful, and an eye keen and piercing as his, should allow him to become so easily a dupe, is somewhat extraordinary. That a mind, familiar as his with crime, and a life, stained like his, with monstrous guilt, should permit him to be thus shocked at the sight of blood, though shed by assassination, when by the act his worst foe was removed, a foe, who was preparing for him the agonies of impalement, is a little aside from the range of common calculation. But the feelings of the mind on particular circumstances are, we know, often

such as balk conjecture. Conrad's emotions certainly exalt and dignify his character. Our only query is, whether they comport with nature and probability.

On the offences committed by Lord Byron in this poem against morals and religion, we shall now offer some strictures.

In this respect, we deem the delineation of the characters, both of Conrad and Gulnare, to be richly deserving of severe censure. Lord Byron in the dedication, attempts an exculpation of himself, by a reference to the conduct of other poets. He considers himself not more faulty, on account of the manner in which he has sketched the characters of abandoned individuals, than others, who have met with little, or no reprehension. In this opinion, we cannot allow his lordship to be altogether correct. The ground, on which we esteem him open to animadversion is, that in their likeness so much light is interspersed with the shade, so many features, which are attractive and noble, are combined with those, that are odious, that as far as skill could make them, they are objects of admiration and pity, and, perhaps to a degree, of esteem and love, instead of that unmingled reprobation and deep abhorrence, which they ought to create. If we examine the deformed and vicious characters of Scott, we shall find a clear and marked distinction between them and those of his lordship. Our feelings towards Marmion, Roderick Dhu, Oswald Wycliffe and Bertram Risingham, are those of almost pure dislike. The effect, produced upon the mind by surveying their portraits, is widely unlike that, occasioned by contemplating the character of Conrad. The character of Medora, compared with that of Gulnare, is to a large degree tame and uninteresting. She is soft and amiable and lovely; but she has not the same elevation, ardour and energy of mind, and,

faultless as she may be, she excites not the same lively regard, the same strong solicitude with the daring homicide.

It may be proper, and highly so, to delineate abandoned characters. But they ought to be so drawn, that their admired traits shall not cause their black and nefarious features to be lost sight of. They ought to be so exhibited, that disgust and detestation shall be the prominent feelings, with which they are surveyed. He, who effects the reverse of this, commits an offence against morals and religion, and an offence against the dearest interests of mankind. From a delinquency of this nature, we cannot pronounce Lord Byron clear.

Numerous are the errors, which are abroad, which are eagerly received and stoutly defended, on the great question, what actually deserves to be esteemed truly virtuous. Instead of counteracting, Lord Byron falls in with the current of popular prejudice, and assists in confirming popular delusions. He is, therefore, a deceptive and dangerous guide.

On the sympathetic feelings of our nature, on the propensity, so common and so instinctive, producing emotions of compassion for misery, and calling forth the tear of pity at the sight of anguish, many lavish the warmest eulogies. And not a few, from their sympathy with the wretched, deduce most false and perilous conclusions in favour of themselves. Exalting this disposition to the rank of a cardinal virtue, they discard with scorn the just, but humiliating lessons of holy writ respecting the human character, compliment themselves with the possession of excellence, to which they are utter strangers, and "lay a flattering," but fatal, "unction on their conscience." On the tear of sympathy Lord Byron bestows a brilliant, but an undeserved compliment.

What gem hath dropp'd, and sparkles o'er his chain?
The tear most sacred—shed for others pain—
That starts at once—bright—pure—from Pity's mine,—
Already polish'd by the hand divine. p. 58.

Pity, we readily allow, is an amiable and attractive characteristick, and the virtuous heart is a heart of sensibility, it is a *heart of flesh*. But, if we have no firmer evidence of the solid and substantial virtue of our characters, than our sympathy, we ought to tremble, not exult; we ought to seek new ground of self approbation, instead of clinging to our present, idle self esteem. We may be as far from virtue as the abandoned Gulnare. We may possess that temper, which a little excitement would kindle into the fell spirit of murder.

In Lord Byron's view, Conrad's character is redeemed from utter and unmixed abhorrence, but by a single virtue, his attachment to Medora. The darkness of the picture is streaked with but a solitary ray of light.

He left a Corsair's name to other times,
Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes. p. 95.

If we have not virtues of a nobler and purer nature, of a more solid and valuable character, than the attachment of Conrad, well may hope bid us farewell, and the dunnest gloom of despair settle upon our minds, when we anticipate the solemn inquisition of the final day.

There is a most reprehensible propensity in numbers, to sneer at those, who will not allow the most abandoned, those, whose hearts are steeped in guilt, and whose lives are a tissue of enormities, to be fair candidates for heaven, to be even authorised expectants of future bliss. To this class Lord Byron has attached himself. In their service he has laboured.

The life thou leav'st below—denied above
By kind monopolists of heavenly love.—p. 73.

And does his Lordship, does any one suppose, that nothing, but the hard and ruthless spirit of monopoly could induce any one to declare, that the gates of life must be barred against a being like Conrad? By what principle, in conformity to what dictate, of religion, natural or revealed, could hope be held out to a wretch, hardened in misanthropy, hackneyed in rapine and violence, and crimsoned with blood? Numbers, in every age, have been denounced and reviled as would-be "monopolists of heavenly love," whose assurances of impending woe have been terribly fulfilled, and whose warnings, millions, with unutterable and remediless sorrow have regretted, that they disregarded. And still will men pitiably *sport themselves with their own deceptions*.

Not a few mistake obstinacy for firmness, stubbornness of purpose for energy of mind, and the daring disregard of consequences for heroick magnanimity. Not a few deem repentance the cringing of cowardice, or the dotage of superstition and the retraction of an error or the reparation of an injury as the fluctuation of fickleness, or the infirmity of an imbecile mind. It is a subject of extreme regret, that Lord Byron has lent his countenance to these persuasions, so utterly unfounded, and of so fatal a tendency.

"There is a war a chaos of the mind,
When all its elements convulsed—combined—
Lie dark and jarring with perturbed force,
And gnashing with impenitent Remorse;
That juggling fiend—who never spake before—
But cries, "I warn'd thee!" when the deed is o'er.
Vain voice! the spirit burning but unbent,
May writhe—rebel—the weak alone repent!" p. 47.

"I have no thought to mock his throne with prayer
Wrung from the coward crouching of despair,
It is enough—I breathe—and I can bear." p. 55.

We do not consider Lord Byron as alike censurable for the former and the latter of these passages. The latter may be viewed as put into the mouth of Conrad simply to sustain his inflexible character. All the malignity of the former, however, the poet takes upon himself, by making the declarations, there found, in his own proper person.

There is, beyond a question, something majestick and awful in that loftiness of spirit, that steadiness of purpose, and that fearlessness of mind, which disaster and distress and despair cannot humble, cannot warp, cannot crush. And the daring villian, whose constancy and courage, no reverses and no terrors can shake, is sometimes able to cast a glare around him, which causes emotions of wonder and admiration, for a moment, well nigh to supplant those of detestation and horror. On the other hand the abject spirit and the recreant submission of some of the scourges of the earth to misfortune, have often transformed the loud notes of execration into the hiss of derision and stamped upon their names the disgrace of meanness along with the infamy of guilt. Still it is most absurd and most nefarious, to endeavour to connect the idea of baseness with repentance, of dishonour with reformation, and of cowardice with the dread of perdition.

It may, indeed, be mean spirited, from base considerations to put on the show of contrition, and to maintain the semblance of amendment. But the most shameful of all courses is, doing from the fear of disgrace, what we are conscious is wrong, and he, who thus acts, is the basest of cowards. But the truest magnanimity and the nicest honour are evinced, in ingenuously lamenting the crimes, which we

have perpetrated, in cheerfully renouncing the errors, into which we have run, and in openly repairing the mischief, which we have caused; and to brave evils, which no heart can sustain, is a fool-hardiness, worthy only of an inhabitant of bedlam.

The sentiment, which Lord Byron countenances, has undone thousands. Having entered the paths of guilt, pride has impelled them to preserve a terrible self-consistency, by persisting in error and sin, till they have sunk in ruin.—Deeming a return degrading, the loftiness of their spirit has pushed them forward, heedless of consequences.

“I am in blood

Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more

Returning were as tedious, as go o'er.”—MACBETH.

Stupendous must be the guilt of him, who, instead of smoothing, for the erring, the way back to virtue, labours to block up the path, and with fiend-like malignity holds out inducements to them to rush headlong upon destruction. And alike deplorable will be the fate of those, whose stubborn souls, whose unyielding minds no considerations could touch, and him, who has lent his aid in producing this fatal obduracy. There will be a time when the stoutest spirits will wax faint, “and it is melancholly to follow them in serious thought from this region, of which not all the powers, and difficulties, and inhabitants together could have subdued their adamant resolution, to the Supreme Tribunal, where that resolution must tremble and melt away.”

Lord Byron appears to have imbibed no feeble impression of the perverseness of the human heart, and he affords no faint sketch of the depravation and violence of human passions. He exhibits no brilliant and inviting picture of the condition of mankind; he furnishes no gaudy display of

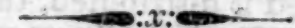
the felicity of human life. Sombre and depressing is the portrait, which he presents. Dark and dismal are its shades and few and faint are its glimmerings of light.

"All—in a word—from which all eyes must start,
That opening sepulchre—the naked heart
Bares with its buried woes, till Pride awake,
To snatch the mirror from the soul—and break." p. 48.

—— "the good explore
For peace, those realms where guilt can never soar :
The proud—the wayward—who have fixed below
Their joy—and find this earth enough for woe
Lose in that one their all—perchance a mite—
But who in patience parts with all delight ?
Full many a stoick eye and aspect stern
Hide hearts where grief has little left to learn ;
And many a withering thought lies hid—not lost—
In smiles, that least besit who wear them most." p. 92.

Strange is it, that a man thus conscious of the degradation of the human character, and alive to a conviction of the wants and misery of mankind, should not readily welcome and eagerly recommend christianity, that panacea of human ills, that sovereign antidote, that universal remedy, giving to the mind a new spirit, to the life new beauty and to the heart new joy. Strange is it, that any understanding should overlook or despise a blessing so invaluable, that Cicero's commendation of literature may, with the strictest truth and in its highest import, be bestowed upon it and convey but a poor impression of its worth ; "it guides our youth and delights our age, adorns prosperity, and is the refuge and solace of affliction, gives joy at home, and is no burden abroad, remains with us by night, attends us in our journies and follows into retirement ;" a blessing which accompa-

nies and gladdens us through life, and ensures us heaven in reversion.



AGRICULTURAL.

A METHOD OF CULTIVATING THE CARROT.

(Few, if any, of the esculent plants are so profitable for the farmer to cultivate, as the Carrot. For the purpose of leading the attention of a large and respectable class of our readers to this subject, we have transcribed the following observations, from "Marshall's Treatise on Gardening." We shall probably add some farther remarks in our next No.)

CARROT, there is a little variety of, in colour, size, and time of coming in, though not much in taste. We have *orange, red, yellow, and white*, (each of which have their admirers) but the former is generally preferred, and the last is rarely cultivated. The sort sown for the *first* crop, whether in cold ground, or on a hot bed, is the *early horn carrot*. Both this and the late horn carrot grow short and thick, and are therefore proper for heavy, or shallow soils, as the other sorts are for light and deep ones.

Sow carrots always in good time, as the seed lies long in the ground, and they are, by many persons, coveted early. A few should be sown in a favourable situation, the first tolerable weather in *February*,* digging the ground *well* and deep for the purpose; for if it is lumpy, the carrots will grow forked, as they will also if the ground is fresh dunged.

Carrot seed should be mixed with dry sand, or earth, rub-

* This work was written in England, where the climate is much milder, and where the fields are fit for cultivation, at least a month, if not six weeks, earlier in the spring than they are in America.

bing them well together, in order the better to spread it equally in sowing. Use about twice as much sand as seed, and if earth, it were better to be of a different colour from that on which the seed is distributed, that it may be seen.

If *early* in the month, the new sown beds may be covered with a little haulm, or straw, which will help the seed to germinate, and preserve them from being thrown out of the ground by frost; and this covering should be continued on nights, and taken off by day, when the plants are up; which practice being continued for some time, will greatly forward, as well as preserve, the crop. Some people sow in *January*, if the weather is mild, but for this (and other circumstances in gardening) *situation* must in a measure, govern, and discretion determine.

Thin the plants soon to an inch asunder, and in a little time again to three inches, in order to grow to a small size for use; and if not so wanted, at any rate draw some equally, that those which remain may swell properly: Carrots must have a great share of air, if covered with glass.

The *principal* crop of carrots should be sown early in the month of *March*, or before the end of it, and be soon hoed or thinned by hand, to a small distance, and a while after to a greater; so that together with hoeing and drawing for use, they should at last stand from eight to ten inches distance, according to the soil. This may *seem* too much, but certainly carrots have, in common, too little room allowed them for attaining their proper size. Let the first hoe be of the breadth of three inches, and the second of six. No consideration should prevail to let carrots stand too long before they are properly *thinned*.

A few *late* carrots may be sown in *April* and *May*, to draw young in the summer; and some in the autumn months to stand the winter, for early spring use, but carrots

that stand the winter grow hard, and are of very little worth.

In *autumn*, let carrots be taken up as soon as their leaves begin to change; for when they continue too long in the ground, they are apt to get worm-eaten, especially in rich soils. Cut the tops off at an inch, and lay them up dry and free from mould, in dry sand, a layer of sand, and a layer of carrots. All those that are broken, or cut, should be thrown aside for present spending, as they would decay in the heap, and spread infection in the rest. Those who grow large quantities for *cattle*, stack them in hovel's, &c. with a thick coat of straw, bottom and sides, and particularly on the top. In a soil that suits them, carrots turn to good account, and are excellent food for *all* sorts of cattle, and particularly for pigs.

THE MEDLEY No. VII.

Variety's the very spice of life
That gives it all its flavour.

COWPER.

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Ill-fated youth ! thy ardent soul
Aim'd at the heights of deathless fame ;
Sprang from beneath the world's controul,
And seiz'd unknown a poets name.
O that some friendly hand had deign'd to guide
Thy genius in its course ! and sooth'd thy erring pride.
I mark thy Muse ; her gothic lyre
Well suits the legendary lay ;
While, darting from her eyes of fire,

She beams a visionary day :
Bright as the magic torch she early gave
To light thy vent'rous way through fancy's secret cave,
There, as she taught to behold
Imagin'd deeds of distant years
Embattl'd knights, and barons bold,
Great Ella's griefs, or Inga's tears ;
Rapid as thought arose the glowing scene
Till poverty, despair, and death rush'd in between,
Poet sublime ! although no sculptur'd urn,
No monumental bust thy ashes grace ;
No fair inscription teaches whom to mourn ;
No cypress shades the consecrated place ;
Thy name shall live on time's recording page
The wonder and reproach of an enlighten'd age."

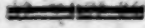
SEE how beneath the moon beam's smile
Yon little billow heaves its breast
And foams, and sparkles for a while,
And murmuring, then subsides to rest.

Thus man the sport of bliss and care
Rises on time's eventful sea,
And having swell'd a moment there,
He melts into eternity.

MILTON—FROM DRYDEN.

Three poets in three distant ages born
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn ;
The first in loftiness of thought surpast ;
The next in majesty, in both the last.

The force of nature could no farther go ;
To make a third she joined the other two.



BURKE AND JOHNSON, COMPARED—*By R. Cumberland.*

Nature gave to each
Pow'rs, that in some respects may be compar'd,
For both were Orators—and could we now
Canvass the social circles where they mix'd,
The palm for eloquence by general vote
Would rest with him, whose thunder never shook
The senate or the bar. When Burke harangu'd
The nation's representatives, methought
The fine machinery, that his fancy wrought,
Rich but fantastic, sometimes would obscure
That symmetry, which ever should uphold
The dignity and order of debate :
'Gainst orator like this had Johnson rose,
So clear was his perception of truth,
So grave his Judgment, and so high the swell
Of his full period, I must think his speech
Had charm'd as many, and enlighten'd more.

Yet that the sword of Burke could be as sharp
As it was shining, Hastings can attest,
Who thro' a siege of ten long years withstood
"Its huge two-handed sway," that stript him bare
Of fortune, and had cut him deeper still,
Had innocence not arm'd him with that shield,
Which turn'd the stroke aside, and sent him home
To seek repose in his paternal farm.

Johnson, if right I judge, in classic lore
Was more diffuse than deep : he did not dig
So many fathoms down as Bentley dug

In Grecian soil, but far enough to find
Truth ever at the bottom of his shaft.
Burke, borne by genius on a lighter wing,
Skimm'd o'er the flow'ry plains of Greece and Rome,
And, like the bee returning to its hive,
Brought nothing home but sweets: Johnson would dash
Thro' sophist or grammarian ankle-deep,
And rummage in their mud to trace a date,
Or hunt a dogma down, that gave offence
To his philosophy—

Both had a taste
For contradiction, but in mode unlike :
Johnson at once would doggedly pronounce
Opinions false, and after prove them such :
Burke not less critical, but more polite,
With ceaseless volubility of tongue
Play'd round and round his subject, till at length
Content to find you willing to admire ;
He ceas'd to urge, or win you, to assent.

Burke of a rival's eminence would speak
With candour always, often with applause :
Johnson, tho' prone to pity, rarely prais'd.

The pun, which Burke encourag'd, Johnson spurn'd ;
Yet none with louder glee would cheer the laugh,
That well-tim'd wit or cleanly humour rais'd :
And when no cloud obscur'd his mental sphere,
And all was sunshine in his friendly breast,
He would hold up a mirror to our eyes,
In which the human follies might be seen
In characters so comic, yet so true,
Description from his lips was like a charm,
That fix'd the hearers motionless and mute.

Burke by his senatorial pow'rs obtain'd

Ten times as much as Johnson by his pen ;
 But (thanks to Thurlow) I rejoice to own,
 That learning and morality at last
 Could earn a pittance, humble as it was.

Splendour of style, fertility of thought,
 And the bold use of metaphor in both,
 Strike' us with rival beauty : Burke display'd.
 A copious period, that, with curious skill
 And ornamental epithet drawn out,
 Was, like singer's cadence, sometimes apt,
 Although melodious, to fatigue the ear ;
 Johnson, with terms unnaturaliz'd and rude,
 And Latinisms forc'd into his line,
 Like raw undrill'd recruits, would load his text
 High-sounding and uncouth ; yet if you cull
 His happier pages, you will find a style
 Quintilian might have prais'd : still I perceive
 Nearer approach to purity in Burke,
 Tho' not the full accession to that grace,
 That chaste simplicity, which is the last
 And best attainment author can possess.

GENIUS,

AN ODE

By Henry Kirke White.

I. 1.

Many there be who, through the vale of life,
 With velvet pace, unnoticed, softly go,
 While jarring discord's inharmonious strife
 Awakes them not to woe.
 By them unheeded, carking care,

Green ey'd grief, and dull despair ;
Smoothly they pursue their way,
With even tenor, and with equal breath ;
Alike through cloudy, and through sunny day,
Then sink in peace to death.

II. 1.

But ah ! a few there be whom griefs devour,
And weeping woe, and disappointment keen,
Repining penury, and sorrow sour,
And self-consuming spleen.
And these are Genius' favourites : these
Know the thought-thron'd mind to please,
And from her fleshy seat to draw
To realms where Fancy's golden orbits roll,
Disdaining all but 'wildering raptures law,
The captivated soul.

III. 1.

Genius, from thy starry throne,
High above the burning zone,
In radiant robe of light array'd,
Oh hear the plaint by thy sad favourite made,
His melancholy moan.
He tells of scorn, he tells of broken vows,
Of sleepless nights, of anguish-ridden days,
Pangs that his sensibility uprouse
To curse his being, and his thirst for praise.
Thou gav'st to him, with treble force to feel,
The sting of keen neglect, the rich man's scorn,
And what o'er all does in his soul preside
Predominant, and tempers him to steel,
His high indignant pride.

I. 2.

Lament not ye, who humbly steal through life,
That Genius visits not your lowly shed;
For ah, what woes and sorrows ever rife,
Distract his hapless head!
For him awaits no balmy sleep,
He wakes all night, and wakes to weep;
Or, by his lonely lamp he sits,
At solemn midnight, when the peasant sleeps,
In feverish study, and in moody fits
His mournful vigils keeps.

II. 2.

And oh! for what consumes his watchful oil?
For what does thus he waste life's fleeting breath?
'Tis for neglect and penury he doth toil,
'Tis for untimely death.
Lo! where dejected pale he lies,
Despair depicted in his eyes,
He feels the vital flame decrease,
He sees the grave, wide-yawning for its prey,
Without a friend to soothe his soul to peace,
And cheer the expiring ray.

III. 2.

By Sulmo's bard of mournful fame,
By gentle Otway's magic name,
By him, the youth, who smil'd at death,
And rashly dar'd to stop his vital breath,
Will I thy pangs proclaim;
For still to misery closely thou'rt allied,
Though gaudy pageants glitter by thy side,
And far resounding fame.
What though to thee the dazzled millions bow,

And to thy posthumous merit bend them low ;
Though unto thee the monarch looks with awe,
And thou, at thy flash'd car, dost nations draw,
Yet ah ! unseen behind thee fly

Corroding anguish, soul-subduing pain,
And discontent that clouds the fairest sky :

A melancholy train.

Yes, Genius, thee a thousand cares await,

Mocking thy derided state :

Thee, chill Adversity, will still attend,

Before whose face flies fast the summer's friend,

And leaves thee all forlorn ;

While leaden Ignorance rears her head and laughs,

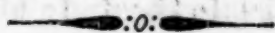
And fat Stupidity shakes his jolly sides,

And while the cup of affluence he quaffs

With bee-ey'd wisdom, Genius derides,

Who toils, and every hardship doth outbrave,

To gain the meed of praise, when he is mouldering in his grave.



LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

LIFE OF WELLINGTON.

(The following observations respecting Clarke's Life of the illustrious Duke of Wellington are copied from the *Analectic Magazine*, for May 1814, a valuable work published at Philadelphia.)

The character and exploits of Lord Wellington are among the most remarkable circumstances of an age fertile in prodigies. Nearly a century has passed away since Great Britain has produced any very brilliant military character. The nation, absorbed in proud admiration of its own naval glory, has looked upon the land service with indifference,

and sometimes with mortification. Lord Wellington has at once changed the current of popular opinion, and the nation sees in him with pride her second Marlborough.

Besides the gratification which it affords to the curiosity naturally excited by the exploits of such a man, Mr. Clarke's biography is highly interesting, as it displays the chain of causes and the series of military experience by which, while almost all the talents of the nation were turned into another direction, Lord Wellington was silently and gradually formed into the most accomplished general of the age. Mr. Clarke's work is brought down only to 1812. The task of continuing the narrative to the present time, as well as of revising and correcting the former part of the work, has been undertaken by a gentleman of New-York every way well qualified for the purpose.

Recently Published in England.

A general introduction to the study of the Hebrew Scriptures ; with a Critical History of the Greek and Latin Versions of the Samaritan Pentateuch, and of all the Chaldee Paraphrases ; by the Rev. George Hamilton. 8 vo.

A Hebrew Grammar, in the English language ; together with the whole Book of Psalms ; by Joseph Samuel. C. F. Frey. 8 vo. *Christian Observer.*

Architecture, Antiquities, and Landscape scenery of Hindoostan ; by T. & W. Daniell. 4 to.

Memoirs of John Horne Tooke, interspersed with original Documents ; by Alexander Stephens Esq. 2 vol. 8 vo.

Letters from the Mediterranean, containing an account of Sicily, Tunis, and Malta, by E. Blaquiere, Esq. 2 vol. 8 vo.

1b.

SARATOGA FLINT.

A gentleman lately handed us several specimens of a mineral, which he picked up in the vicinity of the Saratoga Springs, in the state of New-York, and which he supposed to be flint. We had before received a small portion of a similar substance, derived from the same quarter of the country. In our possession are a number of flints, in their natural state, which were found in various parts of England and France. A part of them we took ourselves, about five years ago, from a chalk quarry in Oxfordshire. They are all enveloped with chalk. Some of them are hollow; and one of them strongly bears the appearance of having been once in a liquid state. The Saratoga mineral resembles, in most particulars, the Oxfordshire flint. Its colour is a dark grey, inclining to black. It yields sparks as easily, when smitten with the steel, and as abundantly as any foreign flint. It is thrown into masses, tolerably regular, which approximate, in some degree, to the form of a globe. It is not embedded in chalk, but in limestone, mixed with a small proportion of argile. From the mere inspection of the substance, as well as from the facility with which it affords fire, we cannot hesitate to pronounce it *flint*, of a very excellent quality. We understand, that it exists in large quantities in the neighbourhood of Saratoga.

TORNADOES.

I communicate the following, chiefly on account of one or two circumstances attending these phenomina of nature, which I do not recollect to have noticed in any description I have seen.

Two passed in this vicinity on Saturday last, attended

with their usual destructive effects upon the timber, and razed the few buildings in their course to the foundations, destroying fences, corn, &c. In crossing the Ohio river, the water was taken out, and fish of every description were thrown and left upon the land. The lower end of Wabash Island is desolated. On passing the strong house of capt. Casey the tornado threw it entirely down, and (sad to relate) killed two men and the wife of one of them, and wounded three other persons. Casey had removed away. One of the men killed was named Culver. What further damage was done we have not yet heard. The broken branches of trees continue still to float by us in the river.

The course of the two was nearly parallel and simultaneous, about 15 or 20 miles apart, proceeding from S. W. to N. E. One passed through the praires on little Wabash, and beyond our sight. The other passed in plain view, distant, on the first appearance, about three or four miles, and from the levelness of the country, was visible for many leagues in its progres. Its shape was much like that of a cone, or a sugar-loaf, with the small end downwards, or rather like a speaking-trumpet, its upper part flaring considerably as it joined the clouds above. It was as black as pitch, and appeared to boil like that substance over a furnace. The clouds above were also very black. The extent at bottom of the Tornadoes has been ascertained to have been between half a mile and a mile.

A singular circumstance, observed by myself and others who were within a half a mile, was this—that the most vivid flashes of lightning were seen to pass between the heavens and earth in quick succession, just in front and rear and sometimes through the body of the Tornado (or perhaps around it in a line from it to our eyes) and still no peals of thunder were heard from them. I do not think I ever saw

so broad and vivid flashes before in my life. Indeed I never before had so deliberate and fair a view of a phenomenon of this nature.

It has occurred to me, and I submit it to philosophers to decide, whether the extreme velocity of the air within the whirl, did not prevent the vibrations (or undulations) by which sound is conveyed from being communicated to the tranquil air without? Were not the vibrations carried round and round within the tornado and there expanded? This opinion is confirmed to me by the recollection of what I have heard persons say, who have been in tornadoes, that there is a continual loud thundering sound—which I think is produced by the electrical concussions within the whirl. They hear it continually—those out of it hear nothing, even from the fiercest flashes of lightning.

I will mention but one other circumstance—the hailstones which fell in these tornadoes were as large as a man's two fists. They were tried to be put into a pint tin cup, and would not go in—Hail of this dimension may be formed by being long borne up and driven through a moist medium by the whirling wind, before being let down to the ground, whereas by descending in a direct line, or nearly so, it can never become so large.

S. GRISWOLD.

Shannoetown, Ill. Ter. June 9, 1814.

Con. Cour.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS

Made at Middlebury College.

JANUARY.

FEBRUARY.

Year. Day. 7 o'clk. Noon. 9 o'clk. mean. Day. 7 o'clk. Noon. 9 o'clk. mean.

1814	1	20	24	20	21.33	1	-3	18	3	15.66
	2	20	30	27	25.66	2	30	38	34	34.
	3	-4	0	-12	-5.33	3	27	22	4	17.66
	4	-18	6	2	3.33	4	-10	-6	-10	-3.66
	5	2	8	-4	2.	5	-10	22	14	8.33
	6	0	16	18	11.33	6	22	32	16	23.33
	7	21	33	26	26.66	7	-2	16	14	9.33
	8	12	17	2	10.33	8				
	9	-2	26	15	13.	9				
	10	6	15	14	11.66	10				
	11	4	22	15	13.66	11	30	33	23	28.66
	12	16	16	24	18.66	12	24	27	8	19.66
	13	24	24	20	22.66	13	17	33	28	26.
	14	16	26	13	18.33	14	14	28	16	19.33
	15	18	23	26	24.	15	28	40	32	33.33
	16	27	34	28	29.66	16	11	34	33	26.
	17	20	24	20	21.33	17	39	46	38	41.
	18	26	32	20	24.	18	36	46	33	38.33
	19	20	31	26	25.66	19	32	44	36	37.33
	20	18	24	18	20.	20	24	46	40	36.66
	21	13	18	8	9.66	21	22	38	20	26.66
	22	6	22	7	11.66	22	21	40	32	31.
	23	18	32	28	26.	23	18	33	36	29.
	24	30	37	33	33.33	24	38	36	34	36.
	25	30	34	24	29.33	25	32	33	24	29.66
	26	20	30	17	22.33	26	20	34	24	26.
	27	12	28	18	19.33	27	32	40	24	32.
	28	25	32	28	28.33	28	12	30	12	21.33
	29	16	30	17	31.					
	30	17	28	-1	14.66					
	31	-12	2	-12	7.33					

Monthly mean temperature	14.39	Monthly mean temperature	25.5
Greatest heat	37.	Greatest heat	46
Least heat	-18	Least heat	-10

17 Days fair—9 Cloudy—5 Snow. 16 fair—5 Cloudy—5 Snow.—2 Rain.

MARCH.

APRIL.

Year. Day. 7 o'clk. Noon. 9 o'clk. mean. Year. Day. 7 o'clk. Noon. 9 o'clk. mean.

1814	1	13	20	20	17.66	1814	1	42	50	40	44.
	2	18	34	19	23.66		2	42	50	41	44.33
	3	31	44	18	31.		3	34	60	52	48.66
	4	2	16	-8	3.33		4	42	56	66	51.33
	5	-2	30	12	13.33		5	38	45	35	39.33
	6	1	26	22	16.33		6	36	48	41	41.66
	7	26	42	30	32.66		7	36	42	30	36.
	8	32	49	36	39.		8	32	38	36	35.33
	9	38	53	35	42.		9	41	52	46	46.33
	10	30	46	24	33.33		10	46	52	42	46.66
	11	18	36	28	27.33		11	40	37	32	36.33
	12	26	42	26	31.33		12	30	42	30	34.
	13	15	19	8	14.		13	30	52	44	42.
	14	6	30	20	18.66		14	42	57	30	43.
	15	26	36	36	32.66		15	30	38	34	34.
	16	32	34	22	29.33		16	32	37	30	33.
	17	20	40	34	31.33		17	30	42	33	35.
	18	30	40	28	32.66		18	46	52	38	45.33
	19	30	50	31	37.		19	38	52	35	41.66
	20	25	34	18	25.66		20	36	53	41	43.33
	21	3	33	24	20.		21	40	72	44	52.
	22	24	46	30	33.33		22	49	65	50	54.66
	23	26	34	24	28.		23	46	48	32	42.
	24	16	36	16	22.66		24	36	34	28	32.66
	25	12	34	16	20.66		25	34	50	48	44.
	26	16	42	40	32.66		26	50	86	64	66.66
	27	42	54	40	45.33		27	72	86	77	78.33
	28	28	40	24	30.66		28	44	52	38	44.66
	29	24	48	42	38.		29	28	62	57	49.
	30	36	56	50	47.33		30	44	65	60	50.33
	31	54	58	51	54.33						

Monthly mean temperature 28.55
 Greatest heat 58.
 Least heat -8.

Monthly mean temperature 44.71
 Greatest heat 86.
 Least heat 28.

20 Days fair—6 Cloudy—
 4 Snow—1 Rain

16 Fair—7 Cloudy—6 Rain &
 Snow—1 Hail.

MAY.

JUNE.

Year. Day. 7oclk. Noon. 9oclk. mean. Year. Day. 7oclk. Noon. 9oclk. mean.

1814	1	49	54	42	48.33	1814	1	52	70	56	59.33
	2	36	52	36	41.33		2	56	72	60	62.66
	3	30	48	50	42.66		3	65	69	57	63.66
	4	50	92	72	71.33		4	55	84	63	67.33
	5	70	78	63	70.33		5	56	84	59	66.33
	6	50	62	53	55.		6	45	76	60	60.33
	7	49	60	53	54.		7	54	72	54	60,
	8	56	58	43	52.33		8	44	37	58	63,
	9	43	68	40	50.33		9	57	82	59	66,
	10	30	64	57	50.33		10	59	92	64	71.66
	11	53	68	60	57.		11	62	80	65	69,
	12	62	67	59	62.66		12	57	76	64	65.66
	13	53	76	58	62.33		13	62	86	67	71.66
	14	58	73	60	63.66		14	60	76	60	65.66
	15	56	63	60	59.66		15	63	85	64	70.66
	16	58	64	52	58,		16	52	90	73	71.66
	17	48	82	60	63.33		17	68	80	60	69.33
	18	52	72	50	58.		18	55	82	67	68,
	19	42	76	64	60.66		19	60	72	60	64,
	20	62	90	62	71.33		20	55	82	58	65,
	21	60	72	58	63.33		21	51	82	64	65.66
	22	62	90	62	71.33		22	63	94	72	76.33
	23	53	72	49	58.		23	54	72	50	58.66
	24	56	70	55	60.33		24	47	80	49	58.66
	25	62	90	65	72.33		25	41	70	54	55,
	26	72	90	68	76.66		26	56	78	64	66,
	27	63	94	64	73.66		27	50	83	64	65.66
	28	57	76	60	64.33		28	56	84	66	68.66
	29	56	74	60	63.33		29	60	92	66	72.66
	30	52	76	62	63.33		30	64	84	66	71.33
	31	60	68	54	60.66						

Monthly mean temperature	60.64	Monthly mean temperature	65.98
Greatest heat	94.	Greatest heat	94,
Least heat	30.	Least heat	41,

Mean temperature for six months 39.96

16 Fair—2 Cloudy—13 Rain.

24 Fair—2 Cloudy—4 Rain.